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Mr MacJekyll—and Dr Hill

THE two faces which the Tories intend to present during this election were best illustrated by their first two party political broadcasts: Mr Macmillan's fireside chat with President Eisenhower and Dr Charles Hill's vulgar charade. Provided the Summit prospects remain reasonably bright – and we can expect the government to do its best to damp down the fires in Laos – Macmillan intends to play the perfect gentleman. With the pine-cones of Balmoral still adhering to his casual tweeds, he will keep his crofter's eyes fixed steadfastly on the international horizon, content to mouth the unimpeachable platitudes of peace with principle.

Meanwhile, down in the pit, the Hills and the Hailshams will be stirring up the mud. During the Suez crisis, the Tories re-discovered a political fact which others – such as Horatio Bottomley – have put to profitable use in the past. They found that a government can commit any folly, betray any principle, be massively confronted with the visible consequences of their blunders, and still retain power, provided they are prepared to appeal to the basest instincts of the public.

In this cause they have a powerful ally. Ever since the creation of commercial television – and the BBC's surrender to the inverted ethics of competition – the public mind has been nightly subjected to a steady erosion of its tastes and standards. Television's tendency to arrest the thought processes, to identify success with luck and cunning, to stifle fact and truth in mass-produced sentiment, to deify the synthetic personality at the expense of human dignity itself – all have played remorselessly into the Tories' hands. A royal baby on the way, the sun in Mac's heaven, a telly in the parlour and a minicar at the kerb; these are the standards by which Britons are invited to determine their society and destiny. And in case the voice of reason might, for a few seconds, make itself heard above the din of the clichés, there's always a bit of muck to fling to keep the conversation at sewer-level. But if Macmillan has learnt that it usually pays to hit below the belt, he is too astute a politician to do the dirty work himself. This will be left to the party hacks and the professional brain-washers. While Macmillan drones on about the Summit, they will churn out the political comics and the smears, and peddle lies and insinuations.

It looks, therefore, like a neat production job; what Madison Avenue calls 'A hard sell – with quality trimmings'. But will it work? It may be that the Tories – giving a TV-gloss to the despairing pessimism of Burke – have made an accurate estimate of the level of their audience. It may be that the British public is prepared to be sold its politics like a detergent. But one thing is clear: should Labour also follow this assumption, and allow itself to be dragged into the trough, it will defeat itself: civilised men cannot relearn the law of the jungle overnight. Fortunately, there is little likelihood of this. Despite its waverings, Labour has never become a party just like the rest; it still retains a hard core of principle, an instinctive urge to identify itself with the underdog – which in the long run is the higher national interest. The degrading challenge of Hill and Hailsham will not be accepted.

Indeed, this may still prove to be Labour's hidden trump. Time and again, events have shown that the British people, even in moments of national euphoria, retain a firm grip on the essentials of life. Labour has a fine case to offer: a well-reasoned programme of concrete, if limited, social advance over the whole field of public policy. In presenting it, it should stick to the facts and ignore the gimmicks, for ultimately an adult British electorate will prefer facts to filth. Indeed, there is a growing body of educated people – many of them conservative by nature – who are beginning to see this as the real issue in the election. They recognise that the nation's standards of moral judgment are more important than the clash between social control and free enterprise – perhaps even more important than our response to the gathering crisis in Africa. They will provide Labour with an army of authoritative and influential helpers, provided Labour convinces them that it deserves – and values – their sort of support.

Comments on the Week's News

The North East Frontier

The Indian government's White Paper setting out the communications with China since 1954 on border problems and Tibet reveals a much more serious state of tension than Mr Nehru had ever been willing to admit. Not only is Chinese vilification of India's attitude towards the Dalai Lama and other Tibetan refugees described, with reason, as 'discourteous and unbecoming even if it were addressed to a hostile country'; but it is now clear that, contrary to the impression he has given in discussions with the Indian and Burmese Premiers, Chou En-lai has never accepted even in principle the McMahon Line. The furthest he has gone on paper is to recognise the existence of a *status quo* and to concede (in January this year) that 'for various reasons, including the friendliness of India and Burma, the Chinese government finds it necessary to take a more or less realistic attitude towards the McMahon Line'. But neither the 'realistic' attitude of Chou En-lai nor the conciliatory attitude of Nehru has sufficed to prevent a long series of frontier clashes from July 1954 till today – in protesting against which the Indian government introduced the term 'aggression' as early as September 1956. It is noteworthy, however, that the Chinese have not apparently published in their own press any news of the recent incidents. There is therefore good ground for thinking that these are seen in Peking more as an international bargaining counter than as a *casus belli* in any serious sense. However sincerely Chou En-lai may reject the juridical validity of the McMahon Line, it remains true (as this journal has pointed out) that the onus of disturbing the *status quo* clearly rests on the Chinese. It follows that no extension of the present conflict beyond purely local clashes on a very small scale may occur, except as a deliberate – and surely incredible – act of policy by Peking. Chou En-lai's latest, very placatory, message to Nehru this week suggests that he has no intention of carrying brinkmanship to the point of real danger.

The Business at Blackpool

The normal business of the 91st Trades Union Congress at Blackpool this week has been rather overwhelmed by the tide of events. The cancellation of the Labour Party conference has presented the Congress with the role, enthusiastically accepted, of cheer-leader, of demonstrating party vigour and unity as the election campaign gets under way. Even so, at least one of this week's decisions is likely to be important: the acceptance, against the opposition of three powerful unions, of Mr Alan Birch's resolution recommending 'greater co-ordination of the industrial policies of the trade unions'. There is little doubt that this kind of co-ordination will do a great deal to lessen aspects of trade union behaviour, like conflicting wage claims, demarcation disputes, squabbles over membership, which damage the unions in the public mind, as well as helping enormously to ease problems raised by automation. That something needs to be done to prevent a growing anti-union feeling among the public – a feeling revealed by a Gallup Poll published this week – is clear. Whether or not the press exaggerates the picture of industrial strife, it is certainly true that the recent spate of unofficial strikes has done the trade union movement damage among people who don't usually give much thought to industrial questions. Equally it is true and inevitable that, in a Tory society, hostility should grow towards organisations devoted to winning better conditions and wages for the workers. Even so, there is much the trade unions can do to present themselves in a better light, as Mr Birch's resolution recognises. The other major decision of the Congress, to support official Labour policy on nuclear weapons, was a foregone conclusion: the lines of battle were firmly drawn weeks ago. It comes as no real surprise, though, to learn from the same Gallup Poll, that the majority of trade unionists think that the H-bomb is a question with which trade unions should not be concerned. The H-bomb falls, apparently, under the heading of politics, which has not been a popular sport in recent months.

Kenya Africans Divide

The division amongst African Elected Members in Kenya has now become firm and clear. The Kenya National Party, led by Masinde Muliro, with a European deputy and Asian support, continues the inter-racial co-operation established by the Constituency Elected Members Organisation. It would move by 1968 to independence based on a fully democratic Kenya achieved by four-year stages. The Kenya Independence Movement, led by Oginga Odinga and supported by Tom Mboya and J. G. Kiano, is demanding immediate independence with universal suffrage on a common roll, the release of Kenyatta, and an end to further immigration of European farmers. This division of forces marks the end of the common non-European front which over the past three years had produced African elections, an increase in African representation, and a constitutional conference to review the whole political future of Kenya. If Kenya is to become a harmonious nation with the support of those of all races prepared to put national loyalty before racial considerations, the National Party policy might well produce the best results. It is likely, however, given the past racial history of Kenya, that the leaders of the Independence Movement with their extreme appeal will gain more support from the masses. If this happens the moderate Africans of the National Party will be forced either to toe the line or to lose their seats; and Kenya is likely to become in the final result an African state with the Europeans and Asians no more than tolerated.

The Monckton Commission

The appointment of Lord Monckton as chairman of the commission to advise the five governments on the review of the Central African situation is another manœuvre by Messrs Macmillan and Lennox-Boyd. Ever since Mr Lennox-Boyd and Sir Roy Welensky agreed on the commission last April, a series of efforts have been made to ensnare Mr Gaitskell into nominating representatives in order to make the commission appear to have their approval. Yet the commission asked for by the Opposition was one which would report directly to the British parliament on its responsibilities, whilst the one announced by the government is half composed of members from the Federation itself. Mr Gaitskell was firm in making it plain that this government body, which would clearly induce no confidence amongst the Africans, was not acceptable to the Labour Party. The appointment of Lord Monckton, who is *persona grata* with the Labour Party as an arbitrator, is clearly designed to encourage those in the party who would like to compromise on Federation to renew their efforts to get members nominated, particularly as membership is confined to Privy Councillors, which excludes most of the firmest critics of the Federation. Mr Gaitskell can be expected to remain firm.

Wales and the Parties

The almost simultaneous appearance of rival party documents, like boxers climbing into the ring, is now to be expected. In this week's contest – the struggle for the Welsh vote – the Labour Party seems a clear winner both because it promises a Secretary of State for the principality, and because its document *Forward With Labour* is a policy statement, while the rival contribution, a Bow Group pamphlet, *Work for Wales: Gwaith i Gymru*, does not purport to represent an official Tory view. Lord Brecon, the Minister of State, pointed out at once that all its suggestions would not be acceptable to the Conservative Party. Nevertheless the Bow Group pamphlet is a well-written and thoughtful document – certainly the most valuable, if not the first, serious Tory analysis of the Welsh situation. Most of the points in its ten-year programme are unexceptionable. Its tone is one of stern realism: 'There is no sense in uneconomic policies based on political and romantic preconceptions'. Its likely effect, however, may well be to alienate the influential romantics without disturbing the loyal and massive Labour vote. *Forward With Labour* recognises that the principal threat to Labour comes from the nationalist left. Its assurances on help for the countryside and for Welsh-language textbooks, and on bringing water supplies under public ownership should satisfy many malcontents. Leasehold reform is something else which will make South Walians anxious to see Labour win. When it comes to schemes offered by the parties for bringing more work to Wales, and both documents are rich with such schemes, no amount of cogency in the presentation of the Conservative case is likely to beguile the people of Llanelly or Penygroes.

Universities Commission

The Labour Party is already committed to appointing a Royal Commission to survey the British Universities. In a Fabian Society pamphlet published last week, Mr Graeme C. Moodie suggests and discusses 88 questions to which the Commission might address itself, ranging from (1) *What limit on university expansion is imposed by the probable availability of qualified university staff*, through (32) *Does the expansion in scientific subjects planned or actually achieved upset the balance of studies within the universities*, to questions of Commonwealth relations. Accepting that there will be more school-leavers demanding and likely to profit from further education, that the country needs them and must spend the necessary money, and that variety in the educational system is vital, Mr Moodie maintains there are only three coherent policies possible. One is that the universities determine their own policies. The alternatives are that an attempt is made to raise university standards and that other kinds of institutions are provided for

those who do not gain admission – one suspects this would be a popular policy with university staff – or that university doors are opened fully, on the American pattern. In that case it would be essential to develop Oxford, Cambridge, London and other universities to a particularly high level and to expand organised graduate studies for examination as well as thesis. Until a Royal Commission has investigated the whole university system it is impossible to decide which of these policies offers the best alternative to self-determination, just as it is difficult to decide upon the best size for a university in a particular place, or where new colleges are to be built, how much say academic staff should have in university government, or if Oxford and Cambridge are to be permitted to occupy their special place in the system. Decisions taken now will influence university policy for years to come; but discussions taking place in the University Grants Committee and the universities are not an adequate substitute for an exhaustive enquiry into the whole system. Fears that setting up a Commission presents in some way a threat to academic freedom are groundless.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New Delhi

Menon Under Fire

Our Correspondent in Delhi writes: The Menon-Army defence crisis, it is generally agreed here, goes much deeper than a clash of personalities or temperaments. It is also felt that its real causes have not been disclosed. Army promotions do not explain the disagreement between Mr Krishna Menon and General Thimayya. The Prime Minister's statement in the Lok Sabha seemed to make it clear that army promotions with a few exceptions have been effected after consulting the Chief of Staff. But Mr Nehru gave no direct reply to the question, as one observer put it, 'whether or not the promotions in the army during Mr Menon's stewardship of the Defence Ministry had been fostered on grounds other than merit, and whether or not merit has been subordinated to Mr Menon's peculiar predilections'.

Mr Menon's 'peculiar predilections', and what is often termed his unconventional behaviour, have frequently been commented upon by his critics, sometimes unkindly – he was, for instance, once referred to as the 'ugly face' of India's foreign policy. His political leanings have been suspect even in his own party; it is considered significant that during parliament's discussion of the crisis he stood isolated from, by and large, his party as a whole, till Mr Nehru came to his rescue. Embarrassing support for Mr Menon came unstinted from the Communists. Apart from his publicly suspected political inclinations, Mr Menon's name has been associated with financial irregularities in the Ministry. Recently, the audit report on the country's defence services spoke of 'important financial irregularities', of 'avoidable expenditure', of 'infructuous purchases', and of 'fictitious financial adjustments'. The report complained that these irregularities had been pointed out with 'tireless regularity'. It is believed by many that the supersessional promotions have been made by Mr Menon without consulting General Thimayya, and that these were dictated by political considerations primarily. Those who think this way point to the instance of Lieutenant-General B. M. Kaul, lately Major-General. He was on General Thimayya's staff in Korea, and the impression is that General Thimayya was not absolutely convinced of his personal loyalty. It is also alleged that, contrary to the traditions of the defence services, General Kaul keeps in touch with political leaders. He is known to admire the Chinese concept of mass armies, and is said to have strongly advocated it for the Indian army. Opinion in the army has little sympathy for him.

There is a general disposition to speculate on Mr Menon's real intentions. It is generally accepted that he has consistently shown sympathy for a certain kind of dictatorship. While it is unlikely that there is any immediate cause for concern, or that Mr Menon can easily maneouvre into a position of power (in any case he does not really appear to be the stuff that dictators are made of), the possibility cannot be ruled out of his introducing, even if unintentionally, a kind of confusion which others, inside or outside the army, might ambitiously attempt to use to their advantage. Doubts and fears in this respect in certain quarters in India arise from a number of factors. These include the emergence of dictatorships in some neighbouring countries; the mild discontent caused by delay in fulfilment of promises under the Five-year Plans and a too gradual unfolding of social development; and the existence of widespread corruption in the administration.

Meanwhile, whatever assurances Mr Nehru may or may not have privately given to General Thimayya, the problem of Menon is temporarily solved by his absence in New York as leader of the Indian delegation at the UN. During this time, Mr Nehru himself will take charge of the Defence Ministry. He will thus have ample opportunity to study the state of affairs for himself. In the meantime, conjectures are already being made on possible successors to Mr Menon.

Moscow

Red Riviera

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: This summer about 50,000 visitors from the People's Democracies, mainly Czecho-Slovakia, Poland and East Germany, have spent their holidays on a stretch of the Black Sea coast in Bulgaria, and plans to accommodate twice that number next year have been drawn up. Except for two or three hotels near the former royal palace outside Varna (the old name has been officially restored: for a short time it was known as Stalin), brand new buildings – 'rest homes', hotels, motels and holiday camps – have housed these tourists. This new Red Riviera, created during the past three years, is, in short, becoming the main playground of eastern Europe, a powerful counter-attraction to the Adriatic littoral.

One is told by Bulgarians over glasses of *mastika* and sliced tomatoes that in the late Forties a premature-Krushchevite put forward a plan to develop the sandy shores of the Black Sea for international tourism, that he was severely criticised for it, and demoted. But later, the story runs, Krushchev himself, while on an unofficial visit to Bulgaria, pointed to the coast-line from the yacht on which he was discussing Bulgaria's economic problems and said: 'There is your gold'. The official was reinstated and his plan brought out of the files. The story may be apocryphal; the fact remains that, by developing this coast-line, Bulgaria has found a way of correcting its balance of payments with the lands from whom it imports the machinery so badly needed to modernise its food-processing industries and agriculture. One of the most striking signs of an improved foreign exchange position is the fact that during the past few months foreign cars, British, West German, and French as well as Skodas, Volgas and Warszawas have appeared on the market.

Most of the building along the coast between the Dubrudja town of Baltchik and the ancient Greek colony of Nassebar has been done to the designs of a group of young architects, who have never been abroad but who admit that their principal sources of reference are films of the Brussels Exhibition and American and French architectural journals. The result is a complete break with the Stalinist tradition in architecture. Unlike people working in other spheres of art in Bulgaria, the architects have been given a free hand and their solution is a wholly cosmopolitan one, although elements of national tradition may be found in a restricted use of local tufa and an occasional application of the abstract patterns of Byzantine art. It would be difficult to find a greater contrast with the Soviet resorts of Sochi, Gagra, Sukhumi etc., on the opposite shores of the Black Sea. Soviet holiday resorts, in the main, still aim at fulfilling the function of curing the workers' occupational diseases, and though the pattern is changing rapidly (one sees far fewer people in baggy, institutional pyjamas than two or three years ago), it is the sanatorium and the rest home that sets the tone.

One reason why the Bulgarian riviera is so different is, of course, that, while the inmates of Soviet holiday establishments are mostly factory workers, miners and farmers, the tourists in Bulgaria are party functionaries, intellectuals, office workers and professional people drawn to what has become known as the most *chic* series of beaches in eastern Europe. Polish and Slovak eyebrows rose when a generously-proportioned Russian woman removed an ankle-length satin gown on a Varna beach and sun-bathed in a pair of tight men's trunks and an elaborate pink bra. Soviet rest homes are 'dry', but light wines and strong spirits flow freely in Varna's Domino Bar and Neesebar's Casino. Excellent jazz is to be heard in the Bulgarian hotels and when a spell of accomplished jiving by Polish dancers in an international bar brought a smile of approval to the face of a visiting Mongolian, there was a general feeling that here at least Cold War prejudices were being shed. There are no portraits or busts of leaders, living or defunct, no exhortations to grow more maize or 'fight for peace' along the roads that have been driven through the littoral scrub, snake-infested until two truck-loads of hedgehogs were imported.

To this extent the Red Riviera offers an escape from the tensions and restrictions of eastern

ELECTION SPECIAL

During the coming weeks we shall be publishing a series of special articles designed to spotlight important issues on which the general election should be fought. Appearing next week will be

The Challenge of Africa

by DINGLE FOOT, QC, MP

European city life. However, that is only half the picture. Most tourists travel not on personal but collective passports. The length of their stay is limited by the holiday vouchers they obtain through their trade unions, and, were it not for a flourishing black market, few tourists would manage to pay even their wine bills. There is no legal convertible currency in the 'Socialist camp': one has to surrender one's roubles, leis, zloties, etc., at the respective frontiers. Travel allowances in Bulgarian levas amount to roughly the equivalent of £10. Nor has there yet been any serious attempt to eliminate customs formalities for travellers in transit through the People's Democracies. The availability of foreign merchandise on sale in the rare shops at the new resorts is strictly governed by Bulgaria's bilateral trade agreements. This year, for instance, there are ample supplies of German beer, because the largest contingent of tourists comes from East Germany. Next year, who knows, it may be Czechoslovakia's turn. Already the enterprising Czechs have discovered a highly successful form of currency—bead necklaces.

Fleet Street

The Vanishing War

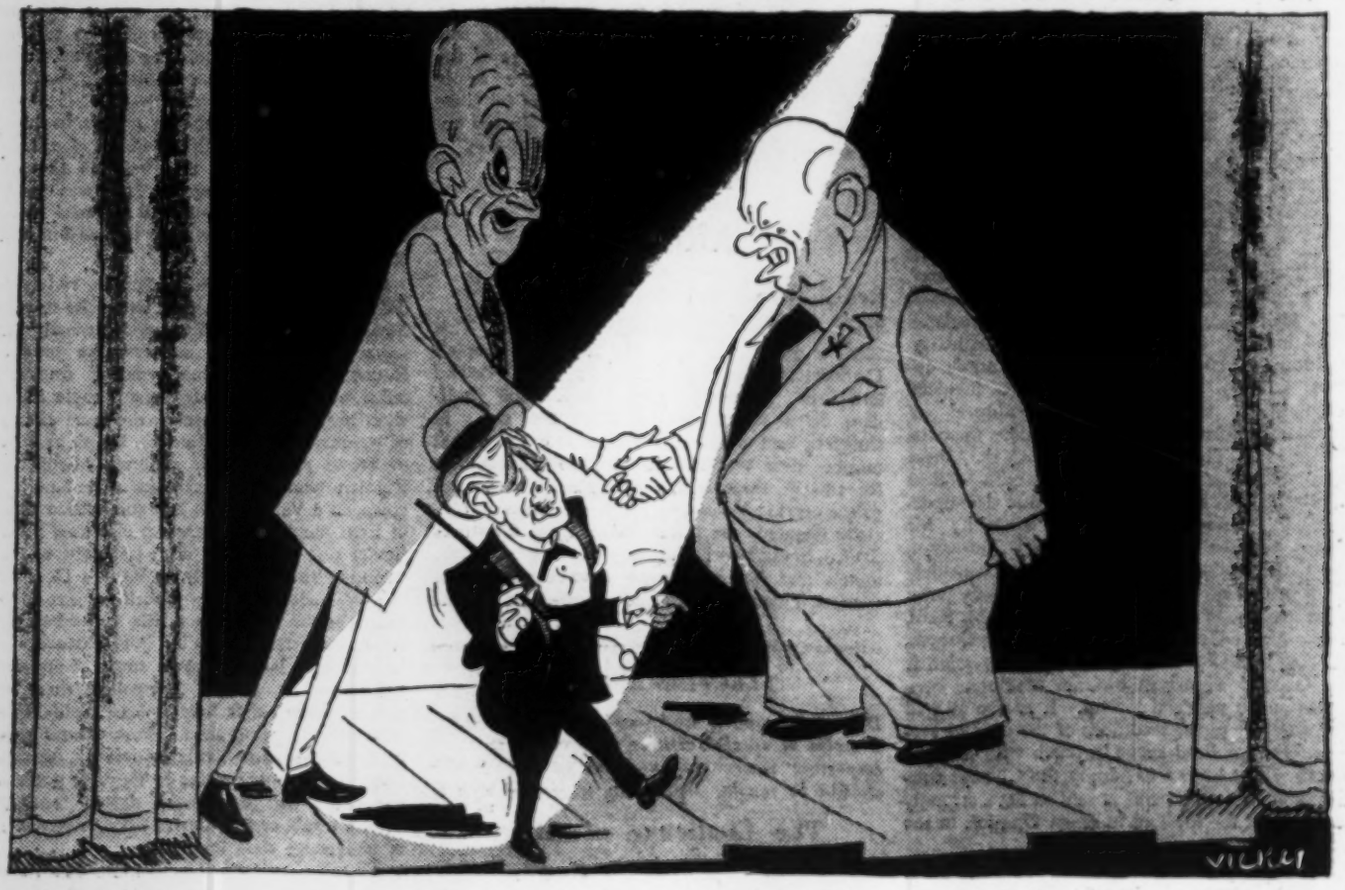
For a country determined to excite the world about itself, Laos begins with a head start—it has a name that fits snugly into the headlines. No need to keep the type down to get this four-letter word in. It can be played big with no trouble at all. And played big it has been. This has been a headline crisis ever since the opening stories last week: 'Rebels Launch Big Drive Into Laos'—a headline crisis with a note of increasing doubt in the stories below as the days have passed. Indeed, it now begins to look as if only the sub-editors and the State Department were prepared to take all these reports flowing out from Laos at the valuation the Laos government hoped—and most of the sub-editors have now begun to tire.

This is not, of course, the first story of trouble across frontiers to start big and end small. But it has a particular fascination because of the detail and circumstantial evidence of what the *Daily Telegraph*, for example, announced as a 'major attack across the Laos border from North Viet-Nam'—and the curious failure of any confirmatory evidence to materialise. 'The rebels,' the *Daily Telegraph* declared on 3 September, 'had seized five villages.' 'Rising Threat to Sam Neua Province,' announced *The Times* the next day, putting this headline rather oddly on a story from its correspondent in Singapore which opened by declaring that officials there did not believe that the position was as bad as was being published in dispatches from Laos. *The Times* correspondent in Saigon did not, it is true, share such doubts—he accepted reports from Vientiane that Communist forces were moving southwards in strength, although even at that stage the Reuter correspondent in Vientiane itself was warning that earlier reports had been exaggerated. The *Daily Telegraph* correspondent in that town inserted a cautionary note in his dispatch that the Laos Foreign Minister's repeated charge, that 'Viet Minh battalions had been and were probably still in the country', was 'now generally denied by western observers'—which did not prevent the *Daily Telegraph* leader-writer from demanding a couple of days later that western powers should take the crisis 'a good deal more seriously than they have done so far'.

By Sunday, of course, the State Department had brought Laos back into full favour with the headline writers. 'State of Emergency declared as Communist rebels are reported closing on jungle city. Laos: US Gets Tough' shouted the *Sunday Express* across eight columns; and the *Sunday Times* went into its thickest black type for 'Laos Declares Emergency: US Accuses Communists of Intervention'. The *Observer* did not lag far behind, with very similar headlines and a report from a correspondent in Vientiane that declared: 'Confusing and often contradictory official pronouncements on the fighting in Laos should not be allowed to obscure the fact that Communist Pathet Lao forces, trained in North Viet-Nam and directed and supplied from that powerful Communist base, have launched a major effort against this backward, strategically placed kingdom'.

By Monday, however, *The Times*—like the Foreign Office—was beginning to have very strong doubts. Before the United Nations could act, it declared, more facts were needed. Whitehall is not impressed by Laotian claims, reported the *Daily Express*. And by Tuesday *The Times* correspondent in Saigon not only stated that 'pessimistic reports were not supported', but added that the Communist force which a *Times* headline had declared to be threatening Sam Neua Province five days previously, 'had not yet appeared in the field'; and that the defending general 'is not now sure about an impending attack'. 'Nobody,' summed up the *Daily Herald* Diplomatic Correspondent, 'takes seriously Laos' plea for a UN emergency force. So far there has been no reliable evidence that any North Viet-Nam troops have crossed the border.'

FRANCIS WILLIAMS



Another Korea?

No evidence has yet been found to support the Laotian government's complaint of aggression by North Vietnam. Desultory fighting has occurred in the two northern provinces of Laos between the Royal Laotian Army and Communist-led guerilla groups. Four men, an Argentinian, an Italian, a Tunisian and a Japanese, have now been entrusted by the Security Council with the immensely difficult task of finding out whether the Communist groups have been reinforced by men or arms from over the frontier. The area, which was incorporated into Laos by the Vientiane Agreement, is, in any case, still controlled by Communists and probably has within it considerable supplies of arms left over from the Vietnamese war; it no doubt maintains contact with the North Vietnamese and is in more or less continuous revolt against the King who became its nominal sovereign a year ago. After the Communists made a good electoral showing in Laos, the King, with the aid of American money, arms and advice, arrested their leaders and tried to suppress their organisation. Correspondents with knowledge of the facts have been cautious about exacerbating this civil war by charges of intervention from North Vietnam. The British UN delegate cautiously remarked that 'aggression is notoriously hard to define'. Yet the State Department, backed by American papers (with the fanatical Joe Alsop in the van), bluntly accuses North Vietnam of 'flagrant aggression', and demands that the Security Council, or failing that the American government, should at once dispatch military forces to Laos. One section of opinion in Washington seems to want another Korea.

The difference between the beginning of the Korean war and the present crisis is twofold. In Korea, the evidence that the first moves were made by the North Koreans seemed irrefutable. But on that occasion the Russians were boycotting the Security Council. At Tuesday's meeting of the Security Council the Soviet delegate was present and made a strong case for his right of veto. He was overridden by a dubious legalistic device after many hours of debate. The harm done to the UN is probably serious, and the hope – a very real one on the eve of Krushchev's visit to America – that the USSR would co-operate in trying to bring peace to this unsettled area, is imperilled. It was, however, better that a fact-finding Commission, rather than a military force, should be sent to Laos.

No one has yet explained why the North Vietnamese should have now become aggressors. In 1952 Viet-minh forces moved into the northern provinces of Laos, and, when the war in Indo-China ended in 1954, one of the terms of the Geneva Agreement was that they should withdraw within three months. Pending a political settlement, the Pathet Lao – the Laos resistance forces – moved into the two provinces of Sam Neua and Phong Saly, adjoining North Vietnam. These areas remained under Communist influence, if not actual control, even after a political agreement was signed between the Laotian Prime Minister and the leader of the Pathet Lao. At this point – in November 1957 – the Royal Laotian government was supposed to reimpose its authority in these two provinces; Pathet Lao forces were to be included in the Royal Laotian Army; Pathet Lao members, including its leader, Prince Souphannouvong, were to join the government, and Pathet Lao was to become a recognised political party.

In May 1958 the Canadian member of the international commission, whose presence in Laos throughout had helped to create the new nation, argued that its task was now over, and, in spite of protests by the Poles that arms were still being imported in defiance of the Geneva Convention, the commission was adjourned *sine die*. In January 1959 the co-chairmen, Mr Gromyko and Mr Selwyn Lloyd, agreed with the Indian government that adjournment did not imply dissolution. The Laotian Premier, however, told a press conference that his government was no longer bound by the Geneva Agreement and would not permit the commission to function any longer. The Indian and the Pole protested at this unilateral abrogation of an international agreement, but Mr Selwyn Lloyd condoned it.

Rebellion in the northern provinces was sparked off by the Laotian government's acceptance of an American training mission for its army. What is generally unknown is the degree to which Laos is now virtually an American satellite. The facts have been revealed in this country by the Washington Correspondent of the *News Chronicle*, who alone, as far as we have seen, has summarised the contents of a 984-page Congressional report on US expenditure in Laos. The report is presumably in the hands of the sub-committee appointed by the Security Council. Since 1955, it shows, Laos has been entirely financed and kept by the US – $1.5 million in technical aid and $40 million for defence. At one time, this Laos government, which sent its emissary cap in hand to President Eisenhower as he boarded the plane for his recent tour, had a dollar reserve of $40 million. No wonder that there is inflation, racketeering, corruption, even among some of the US officials administering aid.

This Congressional report pulls no punches. Money, it said, was wasted on making a police force, money squandered on road building that is incomplete and inefficient. It cites also the American ambassador's bright idea – costing nearly $3 million – to defeat the Communists during the election campaign by airdrops of food and goods to the peasants. The peasants took the food and voted Communist. American officers and firms are accused of corruption; one highly placed officer in the US mission admitted to the Congressional hearing that he accepted a $13,000 bribe in return for placing contracts. The comment of the State Department, embarrassed by this report, is that fighting Communism is a tough affair. The lesson of Chiang Kai-shek has still to be learnt.

Mr Sobolev may have been voicing an unfounded suspicion when he told the Security Council this week that the whole issue of Laos has been trumped up in order to poison the atmosphere at the moment when Krushchev is going to the US to release the tension of the Cold War. But, whether deliberate or not, this could be the result; there are groups in Washington who would go to any lengths to thwart the President's good intentions. The danger of Seato has always been that the Cold Warriors of the China front would be quick on their nuclear triggers. The British government, clearly aware of the danger if the less responsible elements in Washington are allowed to have their way, has sent Sir Robert Scott, Britain's responsible and experienced High Commissioner in Singapore, to make his independent report on conditions in Laos. The Chinese, still excluded from the UN, and the extremist section of the Pentagon, may agree in wishing to destroy the chances of a Summit; but neither Eisenhower nor Macmillan can run the risk of again setting the East on fire.

Faces With Labels

Who will choose the members of the new House of Commons? In as many as 150 constituencies, perhaps, it will be the voters who decide, for in marginal seats they have the choice between Codlin and Short. But in the remainder, the Conservative or Labour strongholds, the effective decision was made by the party organisation when it selected its candidate. It is, of course, difficult to get detailed information about the politics of selection procedures. Though there is no secret about the formal machinery each party employs, there is a good deal of mystery about the way it works in practice, because selection, and the manœuvres associated with it, occur in private. True, when there is a fuss about the selection in a given constituency – Bournemouth East or Belfast North are recent Tory examples, St. Helens and Leicester are cases on the Labour side – the press picks up bits and pieces of the story. But no one except those most intimately involved can get a clear picture.

Does this matter? I believe it does. No one asks that the House of Commons should be filled with men who are paragons. But the greater their capacities, the higher their standards of integrity, the better for parliamentary democracy – and we should therefore try to devise means of filtering out the incompetent and the corrupt. That has to be done at the point of selection, because it is usually too late once a man has taken his seat. There is, moreover, another good reason for care. The members of the 1922 Committee, and even more those who belong to the Parliamentary Labour Party, can exercise a considerable influence on party policy. They may apply pressure that makes a government give way. They can, in the Labour Party, take important decisions that effectively foreclose discussion in the national executive or debate at the annual conference. Yet, for reasons that arise in part from our constitutional practice – the Laski row in 1945 illustrates the point – and partly from the convenience of the leadership in parliament, there is no direct means by which the electors can control their representatives.

True, there is a case, classically argued by Burke, for such independence. But if one accepts that, the need to pick 'representatives' with care is even stronger than it is where they are 'delegates' who can be mandated or replaced. Does this happen? Sometimes it does. Yet anyone with knowledge of either of the main parties knows of constituency organisations which have spent less time and trouble in choosing a man who may represent the seat for life than on discussing a row in the local council or on planning the next Christmas bazaar. It is no answer to say that selection procedures are a trivial and boring aspect of the party system, that they work moderately well, and that the electorate takes them for granted. They are very often the point at which political differences within a party are played out to a decision.

After 1945, when the Tory Party was given a new look, a low limit was imposed on the amount a Tory candidate could contribute to local expenses. It is often assumed that this was an attempt to break the image of the Tories as a rich man's party, in which seats could be bought and sold. Perhaps it did this, making the party more attractive to the new middle class for whom Butler and Woolton were bidding. But it may be

that a careful study of this change would reveal another reason – though I merely guess at this. Was it not favoured by the relatively impoverished gentlefolk, the retired officers and ladies on fixed incomes, who pack the local Tory executives, who did not wish to see all the safe seats falling into the hands of wealthy cads who had made money out of the war? Was there not some kind of class friction within the Tory Party at this time, and were not selection methods one of the points at which the issue was joined?

A similar point can be made about the Labour Party. Some of the opponents of sponsorship believe that this is simply a matter of mechanics, that it could be replaced by a tidier scheme which created a more equal balance between sponsored and unsponsored aspirants. Such schemes can be devised, but they cannot be introduced without great difficulty, for sponsorship reflects the power-structure of the party. Consider, for example, the long and difficult negotiations about the revision of the Labour-Co-operative agreement, which ended in the limitation of Co-op-sponsored candidates to a total of 30 at the coming election. It was hard enough to reach a settlement in this case: how much more difficult it would be to secure the limitation of the number of trade union nominees, let alone establish a new system which dispensed with sponsorship.

Seen in this context, the argument that one party is more 'democratic' than another in the way it chooses its candidates appears as a debating-point. All parties are 'undemocratic' in the sense that less than one per cent. of the electors in a constituency have any say at all in choosing their representative. The question should be put in a different way. We have a tightly organised party system, which is designed to dramatise choices of policy, and to provide a flow of candidates – faces with labels – who personify those choices at the constituency level. Do the methods of selection that go with this system ensure that the candidates are of good quality and that, in sum, they reflect both the range of interests within the party and the broad divisions of opinion within the electorate? One is tempted to say, broadly speaking, that they do – especially as the American party primary and the French party list do not seem to make either Congress or the National Assembly notably better in quality or more representative than the House of Commons. But should we be satisfied so easily?

The main difficulty arises from the fact that the grounds of selection vary so much from place to place. In one area a man may be popular with the party rank and file, but a liability with the electors; in another, he may genuinely represent a powerful local interest – farmers or mineworkers, for instance – but have no real contribution to make in the House. He may be a good constituency MP, dealing faithfully with the routine problems that arise, but a complete yes-man on matters of policy. Finally, he may be an ex-minister or a person with special talents as a lawyer, or an economist, invaluable if his party forms a government, but politically unacceptable to party factions strong enough to block his selection. How is all this to be taken into account?

I have no quick remedy to propose for this defect in our system. But, so far as the Labour Party is concerned, I have one suggestion to make. One of the real weaknesses of the present method is that local parties – even the members of the management committee who make the final choice – do not know enough about those who appear before them for 20 minutes or so. They have short biographies circulated on slips of paper or read out to them; they may know something of a man from previous appearances at meetings, or on TV – he may have a national reputation that helps or hinders him; a local faction may have lobbied for a left-winger or a trade union nominee, or a full-time party organiser may have dropped strong hints for or against one candidate. But how are the delegates present to tell from all this, and from a ten-minute speech and a few answers to questions, what kind of service a man is likely to give? How distinguish the slick careerist from the relatively inarticulate but worthy? Very often, they judge rightly, but sometimes they make a blunder that takes years to correct.

Is it not worth considering a rather more elaborate method of dealing with a matter of such importance? Where, as often, there is no need for haste, a local party could well model itself on modern experience of personnel selection. Suppose a short list of five is chosen. Let each be invited to address every affiliated body that has a hand in the selection. When this round of meetings is complete – and though it would take time, it would solve the problem of finding speakers for ward and union branch meetings – each nominee should address at least one public meeting in the constituency, and spend some time doing such routine work as canvassing, or sitting in (where there is a retiring member) on the regular 'surgery'. By the time the selection conference was held, all those present would have an idea of the merits and shortcomings of those before them. I know that this would deal only with one part of the problem. But it would be a sign of grace if we admitted that the problem exists, in both parties, and that it bears directly on the growing public scepticism about politicians and the party system.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

London Diary

HUGH GAITSKELL and Nye Bevan made a good impression in their newsreel interview from Moscow. Undoubtedly they had argued seriously with Krushchev and believed that they had been taken seriously. This informally earnest appearance was an agreeable contrast with the Macmillan-Ike chat; Macmillan's air of effortless superiority has become obvious affectation. The contrast made me wonder. In 1945 Winston assumed that he was the man for the peace. The electorate chose Attlee. The effect of saying that Labour would start a Gestapo was to make thousands of listeners into angry Labour supporters. The unspeakable Dr Hill's suggestion that Labour in office would take our pet dogs away from us is having a similar effect now. Labour speakers should use a script of Hill's broadcast (the BBC or Tory HQ will no doubt oblige) as the text for speeches which should overcome any danger of Labour lethargy.

* * *

Some people believe that divisions about nuclear disarmament will damage the Labour Party's prospects. I doubt it. Nothing, not even Macmillan's flirtation with Ike, will make the imperialist party of Chamberlain, Winston and Eden look like the party of peace; the imperialist image, refurbished by Suez and Nyasaland, will not be broken. And though Gaitskell and Cousins don't agree about unilateralism, the Labour party is against renewing tests, with or without the agreement of other countries, and the pressure from the Labour rank and file is always for disarmament, just as the pressure from the Tory backwoodsmen is always for Big Power status and imperialist policies. Macmillan may have thought it clever to do Labour out of its annual conference in the belief that the prospect of an election would turn it into a unity rally. But it might have worked the other way; Frank Cousins and his followers would have stuck to their minority anti-nuclear guns, election or no election. As it is, the Campaign's nuclear week that begins on the 13th will inevitably rouse opinion about peace and armaments. A long list of popular speakers will be addressing meetings in almost every town in this island during the week. There will be regional rallies in large cities in each area; some 50 films and exhibitions will be on tour; a most unusual set of pickets will be in Whitehall on the 13th and 19th (they include Mary Ure, John Osborne, Doris Lessing and Iris Murdoch); the Young Catholics are making a special pilgrimage; a Trafalgar Square rally on Sunday the 20th will be addressed by Bertrand Russell, amongst others, and the climax will be a midnight show in the Festival Hall on Sunday the 20th, where Peggy Ashcroft and Sir Michael Redgrave will be among a dozen of our star entertainers taking part, with J. B. Priestley as compere. The net effect of all this must be to focus a great deal of interest and enthusiasm; the choice of election date may well funnel it into Labour channels.

* * *

Naturally newly independent countries want to have their own archives within their own control. But I am wondering whether the Premiers of India and Pakistan (who have not told us whether they got any nearer to agreement about the Canal waters or Kashmir) have really thought through their request for the India Office Library to be transferred to their countries. This library is intact, and has not, as some Communists have averred, allowed any of its books to be transferred to other Whitehall departments. It is not an Indian-Pakistan collection. It is the archives of the East India Company and of the Indian Empire, when 'India', for our imperial purposes, included Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon and Nepal. It also contains the India Office's documents relating to Persia, Afghanistan and Tibet. Taken together, this is the best centre of research for the history of the past British Empire in the East, and its facilities are used by an increasing number of students from all Asian countries. I can scarcely believe that the Premiers of India and Pakistan really wish to break it up into its national bits or that they want the meaningless fragments transferred to a building in Delhi or in Pakistan's new projected capital in Rawalpindi. It just doesn't make sense. Four years ago, when the proposal was first made, the British agreed to consider any administrative changes. An Indian and a Pakistani might, for instance, sit on its administrative board to safeguard the interests of both countries. But why not a Burmese, Ceylonese, Afghan, Nepalese and others as well?

* * *

With what miniscule steps and infinite caution does Mr Butler move in the direction of keeping his promises about penal reform! When this journal published a special supplement (12 Feb. 1957) by C. H. Rolph on the whole question of prison reform, Mr Butler's key speech as Home Secretary paid tribute to Rolph's work and reflected his proposals almost exactly. One of the simple administrative reforms was the payment of a prison wages scheme that would get somewhere near 'the rate for the job'. We now learn that the maximum prison wage is to be increased from four to six shillings a week – which is based on the fact that for some years a few men have been able to earn as much as six shillings. The Home Office apparently still believes that a

week's wages in prison be much less than the worst paid man can earn outside in a day. Yet in France and Norway a prisoner can earn enough to pay for his keep, contribute at least something to the maintenance of his family and come out of prison with enough of his own money to tide him over the first difficult weeks. Here we keep his family on national assistance.

* * *

When motor bikes with throttles open roar past me on the road I find myself asking why the police don't enforce the anti-noise regulations. If life is to be tolerable in our cities, motor bikes need quieting just as much as jet planes. Now I see that in Southend the police have actually got a machine to measure sound; apparently they intend to take action. Teenagers may object because making this grand, uninhibited racket is part of their fun. To do a 'ton' is now one of their ambitions, and that means no silencer and a really splendid burst of noise. Then one finds onself shrugging one's shoulders and saying, after all, the poor boy won't live long; he's having his fling before he kills himself. But that surely is too irresponsible. We stop people taking drugs. I asked a friend who has a powerful machine whether we ought not to prohibit motor bikes altogether, or at any rate except for adults. He thought not; that would be in effect class legislation. But he favoured two changes: one was to increase the age for a licence to drive a motor bike, which is actually lower than that to drive a car; and the other was to grant a licence only after a really stiff test. At present, lads with provisional licences can career about for an indefinite period, and even those who get licences need have no other qualification than the ability to ride an ordinary bicycle with a little motor attachment. This is fantastic. What is the matter with our society that we should allow boys of 16 to kill themselves and other people on machines that will do 100 to 120 miles an hour without even making sure that they have either skill or road sense?

* * *

'In the old days', said Mr Potwell, 'before they started ploughing up the Downs, there really were blackberries. Big as strawberries they were.' They are pretty big this autumn, and memorable – like the charms of goldfinches (32 strong on one occasion), and a badger seen (unhappily not by me) slinking past the gate at dusk, and the view over the valley in the early morning. Apparently there are always anti-cyclones in the North Atlantic, but they only occasionally get glued over England. This is something science should attend to. If every year were like this, there would be no reason for inventing heaven, and no point in going for holidays except during the very short winters. (I would keep them for the sake of variety.) There should be occasional rain at night, though not too much, because it is fun watering the garden with a very simple new gadget, just a celluloid tube which automatically makes a fountain wherever you think wetness would be good. I'd make a few other changes; my marrows would grow up as melons. No one would have heard of nuclear energy. There would be a few, very distant, wars fought with blunderbusses; every now and then maidens would be carried off on the saddle-bows of picturesque ruffians. I wouldn't abolish such improprieties altogether because Critic must have something to write about in the Diary. Weekly papers, of course, must go on, though they would somehow cease to be weekly. And there would be no TV or Laotians or Senators, and Indians would have plenty to eat, and no one I like would ever grow older.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

As children seem to take notice of everything they see on television these days, it would set a great example to us all if the saying of grace before meals was incorporated into the food advertisements. Grace is now said in so few homes – and here is a chance for television to lead us back to the gracious age. – Letter in *John Bull*. (S. Millott.)

Because they have received so many requests for more political meetings, Tottenham Young Conservatives have formed a Political Section.

This has been decided because they do not want any interference with their programme of social activities. – *Tottenham and Edmonton Weekly Herald*. (A. A. Raven.)

In spite of cynics, sceptic critics and unbelievers, etc., I think that the broadcast of Mr Macmillan and the American President was the most beautiful and moving we have ever heard and seen. – Letter in *Daily Mail*. (Philip Stein.)

The feminine of 'dog' is 'bitch' – but certainly not at the Friern Barnet summer show. Nobody ever refers to a 'bitch' at the show's dog contest – it is the 'opposite sex'. There is something to be said for this refinement. After all, the free and loud use of the word 'bitch' on the showground might lead to embarrassment and misunderstanding. – *Hornsey Journal*. (A. Sowter.)

Ascent to Chaos

YORK is perhaps the finest late-medieval city in England. It has a cathedral of sumptuous grandeur, a superb – if small – art gallery, many scores of elegant Georgian and Regency houses, a warm and courteous population. It is also one of the most unpleasant towns in which to take a walk. Through its narrow and tortuous streets grinds an endless and ever-growing cavalcade of heavy traffic, crumbling the ancient brown stones, shaking the priceless glass from its leaden sockets, poisoning the clean moorland air, killing pleasure and beauty. The swelling spate of progress is trying to force its way through the narrow framework of an earlier age. The City was thus an apt setting for this year's annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

I was not looking forward to this assignment. Having learnt no science and having, in a highly developed form, the humanist's suspicion of those who have, I expected to be bewildered and irritated. I was wrong on both counts. True, when I attended, in error, a paper on the Topology of Three-Dimensional Manifolds, I found myself, for the first time, sitting through a lecture in my own language without understanding a single word. But this was the only exception. It is a long time since I have learnt so much in such a short space.

As for the scientists themselves, they were a revelation and a joy. Provided one is prepared to make the intellectual effort – and it is sometimes a fierce one – there is no difficulty in communicating. They speak the same language, merely using it more accurately (words like 'tolerance' for instance have for them a sharp and concrete meaning). Conversation with them entails a definite line of reasoning; examples quoted must be selective and apt, and any digression into hyperbole or fancy elicits a raised eyebrow, or at most a polite smile. But they do not lack intellectual charm: there is about them a serenity, born I think of a confident belief that their approach to life is correct, that they are indeed seeing it steadily and whole. They have no defeatism, merely rational apprehension.

People attend the BA primarily to hear news of scientific advance; and there was, of course, plenty of this. Dr Brenner, from the Cavendish Laboratory, explained the new technique of artificial virus construction – herald of a fresh wave of medical conquest. Another Cambridge scientist, Mr D. E. Broadbent, described how studies of nervous and muscular reflexes would enable machines to be 'tailor-made' to men. There was news of giant rocket engines, of future communications systems, of the expanding science of man-made organs, such as the 'artificial kidney'. But the impression which remains with me is not so much of the miracles scientists will perform, as of the tragedies which, they warn, may accompany this promised world. Sir James Gray struck the keynote in his presidential address. Ants, whose social organisation duplicated ours with frightening accuracy, had shown us the dangers of outgrowing our environment; within the last 150 years, two species had conducted policies of global conquest, occupying southern Europe and North Africa and the southern United States, in each case exterminating all other species. If we likewise opted for a policy of unlimited growth, we must make a qualitative change in our methods of canalising it.

The same theme recurred again and again. Mr Alec Rodgers, of Birkbeck College, witheringly described our educational system, which catapulted an ever-growing army of teen-agers into the labour market, without making parallel provision for training them. The task was left conveniently to industry and the unions, whose ineradicable vested interests made any objective approach impossible; instead, the responsibility for industrial training must be shouldered by the state, in exactly the same way as education – a revolutionary approach which makes the new Labour policy for youth look like a model-T Ford. Sir James Robertson tore to pieces the educational rat-race – the blind, exhausting pursuit of certificates and diplomas – which was geared to the capacity of the highly intelligent minority, and so was driving the less gifted majority beyond their powers. In their hopeless race to accumulate facts, they failed to acquire the resources and balance which a broader education could supply. Hence the rising tension among youth – expressed in meaningless violence and revolt – which would grow and fester as the drive for more education intensified. Professor Edwards, of Nottingham, showed how, in the calculable future, unplanned industrialisation would bring us a surburban megalopolis stretching from Surrey to Lancashire.

But perhaps the grimmest picture of our uncontrolled ascent to chaos was painted by Dr Hastings Matthews of the London Zoo. Our uninhibited population growth, he said, was the greatest threat to our race. Even if we managed to feed the new millions – which he doubted – disaster was still probable, as a study of animal cycles revealed. Overcrowding sets up a stress syndrome, which has grave biological consequences. Even if an animal has enough to eat, it needs a certain minimum area of private territory. When this ceases to be possible, a state of acute psychological tension is produced, leading to malfunctioning of the pituitary. Production of adrenalin is first over-stimulated, then exhausted. The animal will then die, or fall victim to some

mysterious virus; catastrophe will continue, until a balance of territory and numbers is restored.

In human terms, Dr Matthews saw three possible outcomes of our predicament: a nuclear holocaust, which he felt might already be under way through radiation; the unknown biological consequences of the stress syndrome, which might kill us off as myxomatosis devastated rabbits; or global planning. As the only acceptable choice, the third would involve ruthless decisions. Conservation policies would have to cut across political barriers. Birth control would become a social service. We should have to reverse our policies of family allowances, and to tax persistent breeders into continence. He held out little hope that any of these things would be done in time.

Indeed, all these constructive prophecies ended on a note of sad resignation. The scientists are the real Outsiders of our age; society treats them as privileged slaves, permitted – even encouraged – to produce, forbidden to take decisions or even to tender advice. One of them said to me: 'You take everything we have to offer greedily, particularly if it can be turned to short-term material use. But you reject the modifications in your social philosophy which should accompany them. The more we give you, the more radical these modifications must be. We are crashing through material barriers in all directions. But there is no sign of the accompanying mental break-through. We are trying to cram the physical growth of the 20th century into the intellectual framework of the 19th. Sooner or later, something has got to give'. I thought of the embattled streets of York.

Does this mean that scientists are Socialists? Not exactly. 'Both parties are the same on this. There is not a single working scientist in the House of Commons. We scientists have our own institutions and hierarchies, of course, but somewhere, right at the top, there's always a pin-striped bastard who knows Greek and has his finger on the real power.' True, scientists share the belief of Socialists in planning and foresight; but they reject the supine conservatism which confines working-class movements to the mere pursuit of higher living-standards, while ducking the painful readjustments in attitudes.

What we have here is a conflict of cultures, with the humanists riding a tame tiger which may suddenly turn savage. Within the last year or so, Sir Charles Snow has aroused public interest in this problem. But I am not at all sure that his solution – still less that of his popularisers – is adequate, perhaps because he himself, though a scientist, has not been denied his own measure of power. It is not enough that the two cultures should intermingle at their peripheries, each softening and correcting the other. This is wishful thinking, *laisser-faire* at its most tempting. Something much more drastic is required: the humanist's control of policy must be broken, and to a large degree the scientists must take over. For science contains the seeds of humanism, but the reverse, alas, is not true. No doubt a world in which scientists assume executive responsibilities conjures up the horrors of science-fiction. This is a risk we must take; for unless we take it, these horrors are certain, and they may well be imminent.

PAUL JOHNSON

Bright Star of Africa

JULIUS NYERERE is a small man with filed teeth, a large smile, and a black walking-stick with an ivory handle. When he was a student at Edinburgh University seven years ago, he always used to have at least two girl friends because, he said, there was safety in numbers and he had come to Britain to study, not to marry.

If he was single-minded at Edinburgh University, Julius Nyerere became even more self-disciplined on his return home. He taught at a Roman Catholic school at Pugu. Almost every evening he walked the 12 miles into Dar-es-Salaam to organise and attend political meetings, then walking the 12 miles back again through the palm tree forest. African boys from all over Tanganyika attend this school. One boy missed his bus at the beginning of term and had to walk 90 miles through the bush and forests. He arrived a month later and had to be put to bed for over a week to recover.

Julius eventually had to choose between a teaching career and the insecurity of politics. He had formed the Tanganyika African National Union in 1954 and, securing leave of absence, had attended the United Nations Trusteeship Council. Obviously he could not combine teaching any longer with serious politics. The Governor quickly spotted him and offered him the prestige and security of an administrator's post as District Officer. With a wife and growing family the temptation must have been acute. He rejected it, being convinced that his duty was to lead and organise his people. TANU now has 800,000 members, each of whom pays two shillings entrance fee and six shillings a year. Yet Julius Nyerere has no car and still lives with his wife and five children in small rented rooms.

As his organisation grew, so its funds, for an African organisation, became very large. In a huge territory with scanty communications it was inevitable that control over the officers could not always be strict. There was, as always, a certain amount of embezzlement and misappropriation. Julius Nyerere did not hesitate. Those who misused funds were handed over to the police and imprisonment.

In the middle of 1958 the Governor, Lord Twining, retired and was replaced by Sir Richard Turnbull from Kenya. Lord Twining had done much in his earlier days to lay the foundations of a healthy racial pattern in the country. In his last years he had become less imaginative, tending to obstruct the growth of TANU and dangerously allowing members of his administration to assist the rival organisation, the United Tanganyika Party. This organisation, with an ex-Conservative Party organiser, attempted to lead the country into a multi-racial pattern – i.e., basing politics on racial proportions as opposed to non-racial integration. The appointment of Sir Richard Turnbull provoked widespread criticism in Dar-es-Salaam and London because of his Kenya background, which included a reputation for toughness against Mau Mau.

On the arrival of the new Governor, Julius Nyerere was under a charge of sedition. He was convicted and given the alternative of a fine or imprisonment. Against his inclination he paid the fine because, he said, he wanted to give the new Governor a chance to start without embarrassment. His gesture has paid dividends. Sir Richard Turnbull has transformed the relations between Government House and the political leaders. During the course of the first nine months of his office two sets of elections were held to elect the 30 unofficial members of the Legislative Council. As was anticipated TANU won all ten African seats. What was less expected was that TANU-supported candidates won the remaining 20 European and Asian seats, wiping the UTP off the board. As every elector had to use three votes, the result of the election showed that TANU not only commanded the support of the African masses but also of many Asians and Europeans.

Sir Richard Turnbull recognised the significance of these elections and immediately brought Julius Nyerere and his colleagues into government confidence. The outcome was even more remarkable than the elections themselves, for the elected members of all races quickly formed themselves into a united team, ignoring race entirely. In fact, when they came to consider future constitutional reform, it was the African members who advocated retaining for a further period reserved seats for the minorities, while the Asians and Europeans declared this to be unnecessary.

When the Governor appointed five elected members to the Executive Council on 1 July, three of them were Africans, one European and one Asian; but all of them regarded themselves as primarily representatives of the Elected Members' Association. Julius Nyerere decided not to accept ministerial office at present, but to wait until the elected members are granted a majority in the Executive Council.

The position now, therefore, is that an official majority is maintained in the Executive Council and the Legislative Council, but five of the elected members, normally considered 'the Opposition', have become ministers and therefore sit on the government benches. Nothing could better illustrate the confidence in continued progress established between government and people.

The real test of this astonishing experiment comes during the next few months. Immediately after the last elections a post-election committee was set up under the chairmanship of Sir Richard Ramage to recommend further reforms in franchise and representation. In a memorandum to the committee, TANU has proposed that the Legislative Council should be expanded to 82 members, 79 of them elected. This would include 21 reserved seats, 13 for the Asians and eight for the Europeans; the rest would be left open to candidates of any race. Elected members would have a majority in the Executive Council, leaving only the portfolios of Defence, External Affairs, and Legal Affairs with officials. The way would then be open, when experience has been gained, to establish full internal self-government and then independence. This programme is approved not only by TANU but by the Elected Members' Association. It is based on what Julius Nyerere has described as 'a solution containing the barometer of feeling within the cobweb of the constitution'.

Meanwhile it is equally significant that another committee has been set up to study how – not whether – education should be integrated. Anyone who wishes to test the validity of the racial unconsciousness on which inter-racial education must be based should go to Dar-es-Salaam. There he will find, sitting in the New Africa Hotel opposite the old German church, Africans, Europeans and Asians relaxed and at ease even without the conventions of jacket and tie, eating and drinking together, discussing the future nation's problems. Even as late as 1955, during my last visit to Africa, the New Africa Hotel was 'for Europeans only'.

There is little doubt that the Governor would like to work along these lines of development

Stakes and Shares

We wouldn't hear so much about the 'Two Sides' in Industry if the workers had a stake in the company they work for.

Maybe, but how would you give it to them?

Well, a slice of the profits wouldn't come amiss. What about a company giving shares to its employees so that they'd be on the same footing as the stockholders who own the business?

Quite a few companies have done that. Take I.C.I.—their Profit-Sharing Scheme paid a bonus of nearly £5 million last year. After employees had paid tax on it, nearly £3¾ million was left to buy Ordinary stock for them—so I.C.I. employees, too, are now partners in the business.

The things they say!

ICI

with the elected members. It may be that he would propose a pace slightly slower than they advocate, but such is the quiet self-confidence of Julius Nyerere and his colleagues that they would be quite prepared to negotiate on timing. The cloud which now overhangs complete success in Tanganyika is not to be seen over that huge territory itself but rather across its western and northern frontiers in Central Africa and Kenya. If Tanganyika were to succeed in non-racialism the multi-racial pattern insisted on by Sir Roy Welensky, Mr Michael Blundell and their supporters would be shattered. There is reason to believe that the Colonial Office has deliberately – out of sensitivity towards Central African and Kenyan prejudices – given instructions to slow down Tanganyikan progress. It may be that this was the secret behind Lord Twining's increasingly obstructive attitude, and it certainly prevented the Ramage Committee from considering adult suffrage, which is objected to by no racial group in Tanganyika.

It would be a tragedy if this fine example of the British tolerance should be soured by outside influence – a tragedy which must be prevented here in Britain. The green-shirted young men and women of TANU, who are devoting themselves to building a common future in Tanganyika with their Asian and European friends, do not march around the countryside with batons and stones. They content themselves with the cry *Uhuru* – freedom – and apply their energies to the training they know is necessary if they are to produce the skilled technicians and wise administrators which their country needs. Those in this country who have any genuine belief that the spirit and forms of our political life can be of value to other peoples must now accept the responsibility of ensuring that Julius Nyerere, his colleagues, the masses behind him, and the Governor who has trusted him are given the opportunity to complete their efforts to prove that race can be ignored in building a new nation.

JOHN HATCH

A Song to Remember

IT was a few days after the wedding in Dublin City. It had been a sumptuous affair and the reception had taken place in the house of the bride's family. There was a table sagging with the sort of food I hadn't as much as touched for years; salmon decorated with abstract designs in mayonnaise, geometrical sausages, paté, rotund chickens, flower-bed vegetables, huge cream puddings and a sea of champagne. Then there were the speeches, for which everyone had been waiting. The air was electric with the suppressed desire to symbolise the wedding and pull it into one's sphere of speculation and significance, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I refrained from speaking myself, so great was the current of eloquence engendered in the wedding house.

The next day my official host sighed heavily and suggested that I go to Aran. 'Otherwise,' he said, 'apart from anything else, the Irish will think you have nothing to do but sit around drinking and inventing things.' He then gave me an expanding suitcase, stuffed it with shirts, the poems of George Barker and a book by Stanislaus Joyce, gave me a razor and a bar of soap, drove me firmly to the railway station, saw me on the train and waved me goodbye.

Three hours later I arrived in Galway. The sun was setting, and contrary to expectations I found the bay enormously beautiful. I stayed in a small hotel and, the next day, got in touch with a man called O'Leary who had been recommended to me by the Tourist Board. He lived about ten miles away and owned an oyster bed. We drove out there. He had his own bar and he served me with 24 oysters, which sat snugly on plates decorated with seaweed, and opened a bottle of champagne. We then drove around the county drinking huge quantities of Guinness and called at a lovely house where we picked up a very old, tall man with one eye staring up at the sky and the other down at his boots. He was the inevitable Irish country character who had gambled all his money away and whose head is a nest of new-laid proverbs. There was a spectacular sunset over the bay, and I felt I had walked into some sort of Celtic film. Unfortunately, somewhere in Clare, I began to feel faint, and the film, the sunset, the sad, sharp proverbs faded into nothing. When I next woke up, I was in my hotel bed.

The next morning, at seven, I took the boat to Aran. I went below and found a tea-bar which served Guinness. Three hours later three beautiful islands gleamed in the green sea. The largest, Irishmore, was the only one with a harbour, and here we landed, facing a neat white village.

'Will you be wanting a side car?' asked a short man with a whip.

'I'm looking for a Mrs O'Flanagan,' I said.

'They're nearly all O'Flanagans here,' said the short man, peering at me. Then he nodded his head. 'I think I know the one you want,' he said. Obviously the Aran Islanders were psychic too. 'It's four miles from here towards Dun Aengus. There are no motor cars. Just one ambulance.'

I got in the pony trap and we trotted off. The island looked like a chess-set criss-crossed with stone walls. In one square stood a cow, in another a horse, in a third a sheep. The houses were neat, modern and gleaming.

Finally we reached Mrs O'Flanagan's, another neat, modern house. 'There's the inn,' said the side-car driver, pointing. I settled myself into the house, and looked out of the window. Larks were singing, the sea was booming, otherwise the island was muffled by silence. After a meal I went into the inn. There were five men there talking Gaelic, GUINNESS IS FEARRDE TU, said a placard. KEEP SMILING AND HAVE A GUINNESS, said another. I bought a pint of Guinness and started drinking, knowing with horror that my last coins were dissolving. My plans were to write stories and have money sent over from England, but at this distance everything seemed quite unfeasible. I started speaking to the publican but had to enunciate very carefully and almost shout: 'Where is the bank?'

'There are no banks on the island,' said the publican. 'The nearest bank is in Galway.'

'When is the next boat?' I asked.

'It should be next Wednesday,' said the publican, 'but it looks like a storm coming up, so there may not be one, not even the turf boat.'

There were about 12 men present and they soon started singing. The old men sang in quavering Gaelic. There was a beauty in the reedy half-tones; ancient instruments were touched in my nerves; I was at the edge of a lost world. Then the younger men sang, but without magic. Although in Aran each man is known, like a bird, by his song, the tourist world, which starts to arrive here in July, makes all roads and crannies of the south alike. The moon will belong to Butlins. Finally I was invited to sing a song, so I stood in the centre of the bar and sang: 'Were I laid on Greenland's Coast.' This was well accepted. Then, carried away by a sense of isolated theatre, I rendered 'She was poor but she was honest', and found myself singing the complete, unexpurgated version. I was gripped by a sort of panic, but was unable to stop the terrible disaster of the words. There was a long, cold pool of silence, and a man came over to me and said 'There'll be bloody murder'.

'It's just a London song,' I said weakly, 'among men.'

'No such songs are sung in the Isles,' he said. 'There's never been such a one in its history.'

The publican walked over to the Calor-gas lamp, turned it out and put away the glasses. 'The bar's closed,' he said in two languages. We all trooped out into the road, and I returned to Mrs O'Flanagan's.

'You've been turned out,' said Mrs O'Flanagan.

'How do you know?' I said.

'I was watching out of the window,' she said; 'such a thing has never happened before in the history of the island.'

'I sang an improper song,' I said.

'Then you'll never get back,' she said.

I had a meal of mutton, potatoes in their jackets, swedes like ivory tusks and a pot of strong tea, and I read a week-old copy of the *Galway Independent*. There was silence everywhere. I went to bed by candle light, and in the morning began the four-mile walk to the village of Irishmore. It was Sunday, and there was a terrible air of discretion, of hidden things behind the Sabbath façade, of neat white houses and solemn groups at the corners. Near the village there was the shock of seeing the other two shining islands rising from a misty sea, jewels from a long-lost diadem. I found a bar with the front door locked and went round to the back.

'Can I have a drink?' I said to a lady who

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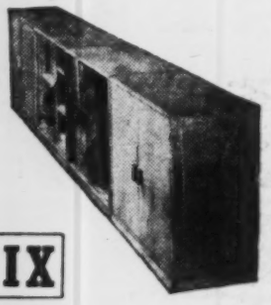

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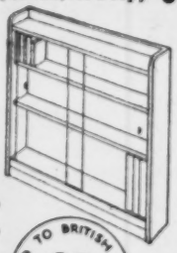

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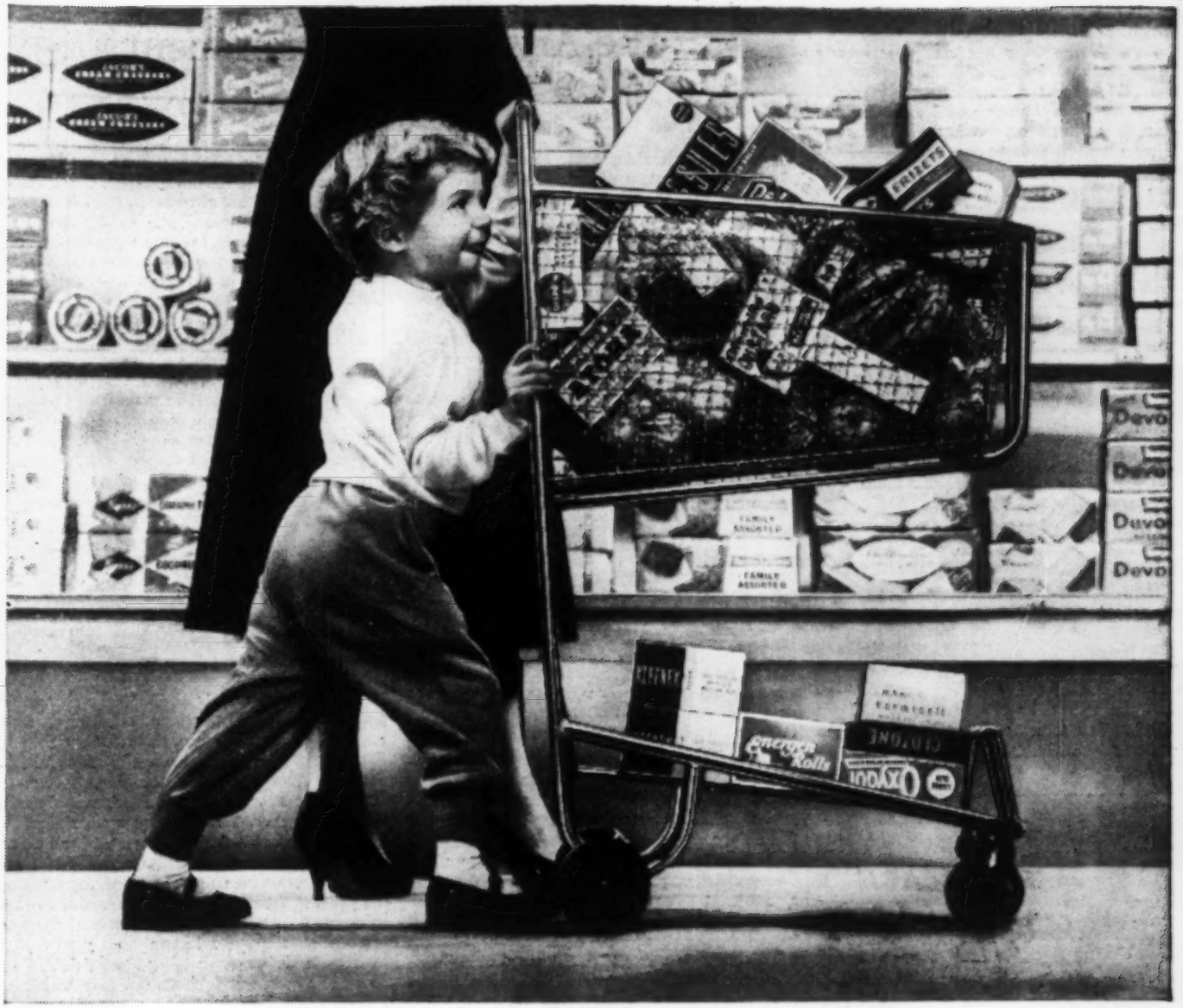

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appeared behind the door when I knocked.

'Certainly,' she said, 'come inside.'

In a small room about five men were soberly seated drinking Guinness, and they looked up sharply as I entered. I ordered a half-pint and put it down on the counter, and I could see that the men were whispering together. Finally one of them rose, walked over to the lady behind the counter and spoke to her in a low voice. The lady nodded rather grimly and looked at me. 'I'm sorry,' she said, 'but you can't be served.'

'What?' I said, looking at the still full glass with almost incredible thirst.

'I'm sorry,' she said, 'and that's a fact.'

I walked out of the bar on to the road and heard someone following me. He was a tall, rangy man with a reckless nose and the eyes of a gambler. He had been one of the group who had been sitting in the bar. 'You're from Mrs O'Flanagan's?' he said.

'That's right,' I said.

'It's the song,' he said. 'You can swear terrible things here,' he went on, 'but you've got to keep them out of the songs. I'm a Dublin man myself, buying the cattle, and it's taken me 14 years to learn their ways. You're going to get thirsty.'

'It looks that way,' I said.

'I'll tell you what,' he said, 'I'm bringing a bottle of whiskey up to the post office by Dun Aengus at six o'clock and I'll meet you outside in the road. You can have a swig.' I thanked him and began my walk home.

When Wednesday arrived, I packed my bag and walked down to the harbour. A gale was blowing and when I reached the quayside I was told there wouldn't be a boat for at least four days. I felt for the last few coins in my pocket and started my walk back to Mrs O'Flanagan's.

ANTHONY CARSON

THE BLACK AND TANS are back

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EDWARD HULTON

The Arts and Entertainment

As We Like It

It has been clear for some time that Arnold Wesker is a dramatist of considerable talent. But previously I had thought that his creative talent was often bitched by an equal talent for muddle. He has a wonderfully acute ear and sensitivity to those minute inflections which create on the stage the illusion of separate and genuine life. But he seemed to think with his ears rather than with his brains. The people were beautifully observed, but the plays seemed to lack any inevitable dramatic rhythm. They ended in the air, with only an odd hint that all will be solved by some Idea about to descend like a strange, glowing god from his space machine. Mr Wesker seemed a bit goggle-eyed at the idea of being an intellectual in improbable surroundings.

Not so in *The Kitchen*, performed last Sunday at the Royal Court (and to be repeated next Sunday). This seems to me, without any qualifications at all, the best play of the decade. Since the war a great deal of second-rate work has got by because its authors were Clever Young Men, Angry Young Men, or simply Young Men. Writers have been pleading their age as women condemned to the gallows used to plead their belly. *The Kitchen* needs no excuses; it is a first-rate dramatic achievement in its own right and by any standards.

It begins, like all Mr Wesker's plays, with a plain slice of life: the cooks, cleaners and waitresses assembling for their day's stint in the kitchen of a huge restaurant. They talk disconnectedly, flirt, complain about their job, their love life, their aches and pains. There are tensions between them, animosities and odd, speechless friendships. At the centre is Peter – beautifully played by Robert Stephens – a generous, violent, disorganised, rather stupid German, who is having a disastrous affair with a married waitress. The scene, which ends in the lunch-hour pandemonium, has all the funny, warm realism that is Mr Wesker's peculiar gift. In the second part, the men are lying around exhausted. They begin fragmentarily to spin fantasies about what they would do if the kitchen were wiped out. Only the German shies away from his dream, inarticulately. And very delicately Mr Wesker begins to imply that the kitchen is not just a place to work, it is the whole condition of life, society, fate, what you will. The meanings are all there but Mr Wesker, mercifully, does not push them too hard. In the last scene, the evening chaos is on. There is a row and the German, needled beyond speechlessness and all restraint, goes beserk with a chopper. The great kitchen is brought to a stop and its owner is left shouting after the German 'What is there more? What is there more?' As drama it is faultless, though I am not sure that final cry solves all the earlier issues. But at least Mr Wesker is here posing his questions in such a way as to make you believe that he is beginning to know what his own answers are. The English Stage Company should arrange a proper run for it at the first possible chance. Meanwhile there is still *Roots*.

The Old Vic's production of *As You Like It* is a great advance on their last season's Shakespeare. Wendy Toye has set it in the eighteenth-century, which may not be a good idea in itself, since it adds nothing to the play but anomalies, but it has inspired Malcolm Pride to some beautiful costumes and scenery. There is also some excellent acting. The honours go to Donald Houston, whose interpretation of Jaques (surely pronounced Jakes; that is part of the joke) is the most intelligent I have seen. It is the custom to turn the man into a pompous fool, a kind of well-heeled Malvolio, and then poke at him good clean British fun about unhealthy melancholy. Mr Houston will have none of that. He makes Jaques into a fully grown Elizabethan malcontent of the same family as Cassius, Hamlet, even Iago. Instead of a sermonising bore, he is an intelligent man who has been through it; and so the famous set pieces take on a new seriousness and dignity of meaning. To match him, there was a fine Touchstone by Alex McCowen. He alone seemed to benefit from the Augustan setting. This Touchstone was an elegant, rather down-at-heels courtly wit with a taste for Popean satire – a new idea and an effective one. As Rosalind, Barbara Jefford spoke as intelligently as always. But at times she seemed to imply almost too much, just as there was too much business in the production. In the mock courtship, particularly, Miss Jefford spoke everything with such an intensity of meaning that the pace and lightness wilted beneath it. Still, who else can fail like that? She was well supported by Maggie Smith, a lively and uncommonly quick-witted Celia.

The Darling Buds of May (Saville), is one of those uncorseted, bottom-slapping sagas about the stately bungalows of England, in which a great deal of guzzling jollity is passed off as Life, with a very big L. Peter Jones, Elspeth March and Kynaston Reeves make the best of an awful job.

At Edinburgh, the Birmingham Repertory Company put on *Fratricide Punished*. It is a tolerably good academic joke: a version of *Hamlet*, or of the vanished tragedy by Kyd from which *Hamlet* may have been taken, thought up by some touring actors who had been asked for the play but did not have the text. It is *Hamlet*, in fact, stripped of everything except the machinery of revenge and fitted out instead with a good deal of naive backchat. A lively company, headed by Mark Kingston and John Carlin, duly sent it up in a business-like way. I wish they had done the same with that most dreary of all university jokes, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. Only a fine piece of stuttering by Ian Richardson relieved the monotony of the pastoral horseplay.

The best entertainment at Edinburgh is the Oxford Theatre Group's late night revue, *Better Never*. It starts slowly, but then settles into the wittiest show since *Airs on a Shoe String*. It is a true intimate revue, malicious and resolutely contemporary, with no variety turns to pad it out. Its main strength is some brilliant social satire, particularly the studies of the child's psychology of Economics and Statesmanship, and a musical Shakespeare called 'Rodgers and Hamlet'. Almost all of it was written by Stan Daniels, whose future seems assured. Alan Bennett, Michael Simpson and Patty Thorne were the best of an excellent cast.

The Oxford Theatre Group, in fact, set the rest of the Festival an example. As the official powers should have done, they commissioned a play specially for the occasion. As it turned out, *Why the Chicken*, by an undergraduate, John McGrath, is nowhere near as impressive as the OTG's initiative. It begins well enough with a group of teenagers lounging around, fighting, jiving, playing cards, boring each other. Mr McGrath knows what his kids sound like and has a real gift for creating fay, off-beat characters.

A brisk recap on one of today's vital topics

Everyone agrees one thing about Steel: it matters. Here, to keep you in the picture, are extracts from what five independent journalists have written about it in this series

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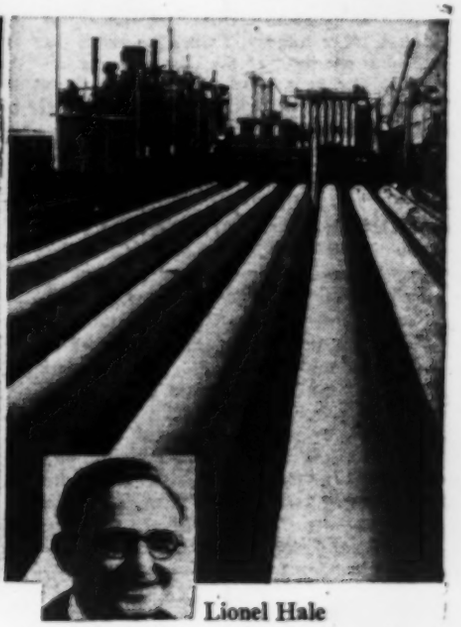

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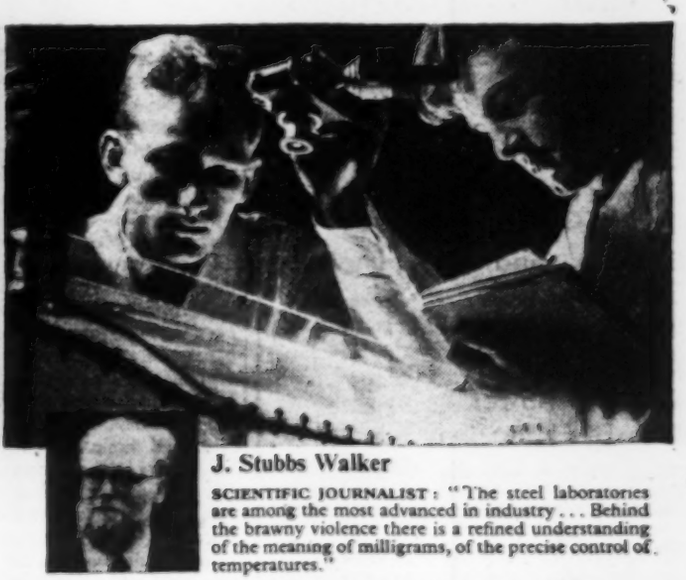

J. Stubbs Walker

SCIENTIFIC JOURNALIST: "The steel laboratories are among the most advanced in industry . . . Behind the brawny violence there is a refined understanding of the meaning of milligrams, of the precise control of temperatures."

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But he makes two mistakes: first, he focuses the play on the nice young social-working miss from Oxford who runs the Youth Club. Alas, Mr McGrath doesn't yet have any idea of how women talk, let alone think. So this one either gushes – about punting on the Isis or being almost raped on a cliff face – or she talks like a political meeting about 'overwhelming difficulties', 'peculiar problems', 'basic requirements'. His second mistake is to think that his job is to be less a dramatist than a mouthpiece for the younger generation. He is continually inserting little bits of self-pity about not being understood, building a better future and being frightened of the H-bomb. The themes are all very laudable but the triteness doesn't help them much. Mr McGrath makes his points much more forcefully when he keeps the talk strictly at the level of the teenagers. In this he is helped by very good performances from Roger Smith, Howard Jenkins, Roger Croucher, David Webster and Roland MacLeod.

A. ALVAREZ

Problems of Simplicity

CHOREOGRAPHERS easily slip into the way of arranging a series of postures, not dances. It is simpler to make the dancer stride across the stage and raise an arm, poised on the music, poised on a moment of meaningful elation. But it needs a subtle and powerful performer to carry off the weight of this simplification; for those who can charge such a gesture with sufficient emotional portent are few. It is therefore, in the general way, safer to rely on the technical forms of expression which the classical dancer has learnt to master over years and years of practice. In fact, the *grand jeté* is far more exciting than the raised arm.

But the expert choreographer, after years and years of *grands jetés*, is often tempted to dispense with obvious effects, to disentangle ballet from its web of technicalities. And this is what innovators like Martha Graham and Kurt Joos have tried to do over the past 40 years. Certainly they have invented new forms of movement, but neither has been able to create a more completely expressive language for dancing than that of classical ballet.

Andrée Howard has almost dispensed with this classical form in her new work for the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden. But because her dancers, unlike those of Joos and Graham, have not been trained to abandon themselves to the emotion of an elementary movement, they are unable to convey it strongly enough. Thus Georgina Parkinson and Donald Macleary, as the Lady and the Knight in *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, appear pinched and nervous. They cannot squeeze out enough feeling for the atmospheric passions that lurk in all Miss Howard's ballets and that here require almost violent expression, since the actual choreography is so sparse.

> She took me to her elfin grot,
> And there she wept and sigh'd full sore;
> And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
> With kisses four.

Surprisingly, Miss Howard is not restrained or economical in the elfin grot. The rolling and wriggling on the floor are now hackneyed effects and too earthy for the terrible faery passion between these dream lovers, whose finger-tip touch alone should send an erotic shiver down the spine. The decor, also designed by Miss Howard, is heavily dim and dull; while Alexander Goehr's score lacks that fine thread of despair which is the theme of the poem.

ANNABEL FARJEON

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Space Man Alley

ACCIDENTS don't happen: every festival gets the premieres it deserves. The British premiere of Blomdahl's opera *Aniara* at the Edinburgh Festival might appear to be merely accidental to the welcome presence of the Stockholm Royal Opera. A kind of gimcrack prefab, *Aniara* seems wholly foreign to the stone-grey solidity of this festival. Yet with sinister precision it has fitted itself into the scheme of things, has been hailed as a novel and significant experiment, has provided the kind of controversy which festivals welcome as eagerly as Titania welcomes Bottom. It is not without interest that the publicity success of *Aniara* has been associated in Edinburgh with that of a film called *The Savage Eye*. This Ginsbergian hull pretends to be a furious commentary on contemporary nihilism. But its few passages of valid observation (far surpassed by Peter Sellers's tenderly anarchic little *Running, Jumping and Standing Still Film*) have no background of mature consideration. The banal and the recherché entwine in an agony of confusion that passes for the agony of experiment, but the eye is not so savage as to overlook the mundane demands of the box office.

Aniara, though notably more sure and drawing on a rather wider field of reference, presents much the same picture. In the words of Harry Martinson, whose poem inspired Erik Lindegren's libretto, '*Aniara* seeks to hold up the mirror of art to our modern cosmos, in which joy dances in the arms of fear'. Aniara is a spaceship from the earth which is thrown out of course and doomed to endless circling beyond our solar system. It symbolises the brevity of Life, whereas space is equated to the immensity of Death. Yet the passengers refuse to recognise 'the soul's cravings', and hasten death by their submission to febrile distractions and false orders of government, thus reproducing the worst that the earth had to offer them.

Aniara offers the very latest line in *Angst*, or what seems to be the latest line, for the turnover in the secondhand market of ideas has no equal in modern commerce. Indeed, *Aniara* is secondhand from start to chromium-plated finish. Musically, it is virtually non-existent, or derivative to an extent that leaves one reeling. Chapter and verse can be given for almost all major musical ideas, and the diversity of sources at least partly explains the harmonic and melodic inconsistency of the work. The musical character is entirely synthetic, and the serial working does nothing to promote unity. The choice of a wedge series, alternately rising and falling a semitone, to represent space is typical of the naive and aurally unimaginative processes. Although the melodic invention is minimal, the lyrical passages such as the Chief Technician's dolce aria and the music of the Blind Poetess (beautifully sung by Margareta Hallin) are the only ones which show any real impulse. The rest – the rhythm, the drama, the complexity – is entirely factitious.

All this would be beneath discussion were it not for the fact that *Aniara* is intended, and is even accepted, as a tract for our times. This amounts to an assumption of major responsibility and as such it must be judged. Cases of impropriety committed on the mortuary slab of ivory-tower modernism are harmless enough: but here we have something which purports to be on the side of life, claiming to instruct, whilst in truth merely performing private and inquisitive vivi-section. The curious thing about the opera is the way it recalls certain operatic and theatrical experiments in the Germany of the Weimar Republic. It is easy to imagine how Toller or Georg Kaiser would have juggled with its scientific and social themes and how a producer like Piscator would have rejoiced in its elaborate trappings. Only in its substitution of tape-recording for the old device of film interpolations does the work betray its date.

By retreating to the German aesthetic of thirty years ago, *Aniara* parallels a tendency in the Swedish cinema and at the same time betrays its lack of original thought. For the one major opera which emerged from the socialist-cum-expressionist theatre of Weimar Germany covers almost precisely the same ground as *Aniara*. The conflict between the individual and the group, the monopoly of power, the development of cults, the materialist search for happiness, the punishment by disaster – all these themes in *Aniara* are developed with infinitely greater clarity and force in the Weill/Brecht opera *Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny*. Resemblances even extend to details. Daisi Doody, the jazz singer of *Aniara*, weakly fulfils the same function as Brecht's Jenny. The nostalgia for a lost paradise and the anticipation of a new one in the opening scene of *Aniara*, directly refers to the opening scene of *Mahagonny*. The earth city of Dorisburg, destroyed in the nuclear war, recalls the city of Mahagonny and its destruction. The catastrophe which befalls the Aniara has the same effect on the characters as threatened catastrophe has on the citizens of Mahagonny. And the Repentance Mass in Aniara's hall of mirrors is the exact counterpart of the 'God comes to Mahagonny' scene.

Thirty years have enriched rather than dimmed the vision of Brecht's and Weill's savage eye. *Aniara* contains no such promise. It seems more likely to share the fate of Max Brand's once famous *Maschinist Hopkins*, whose facile topicality momentarily blinded the public to crudity of response and random eclecticisms. Mirrors of the modern cosmos can hardly function with

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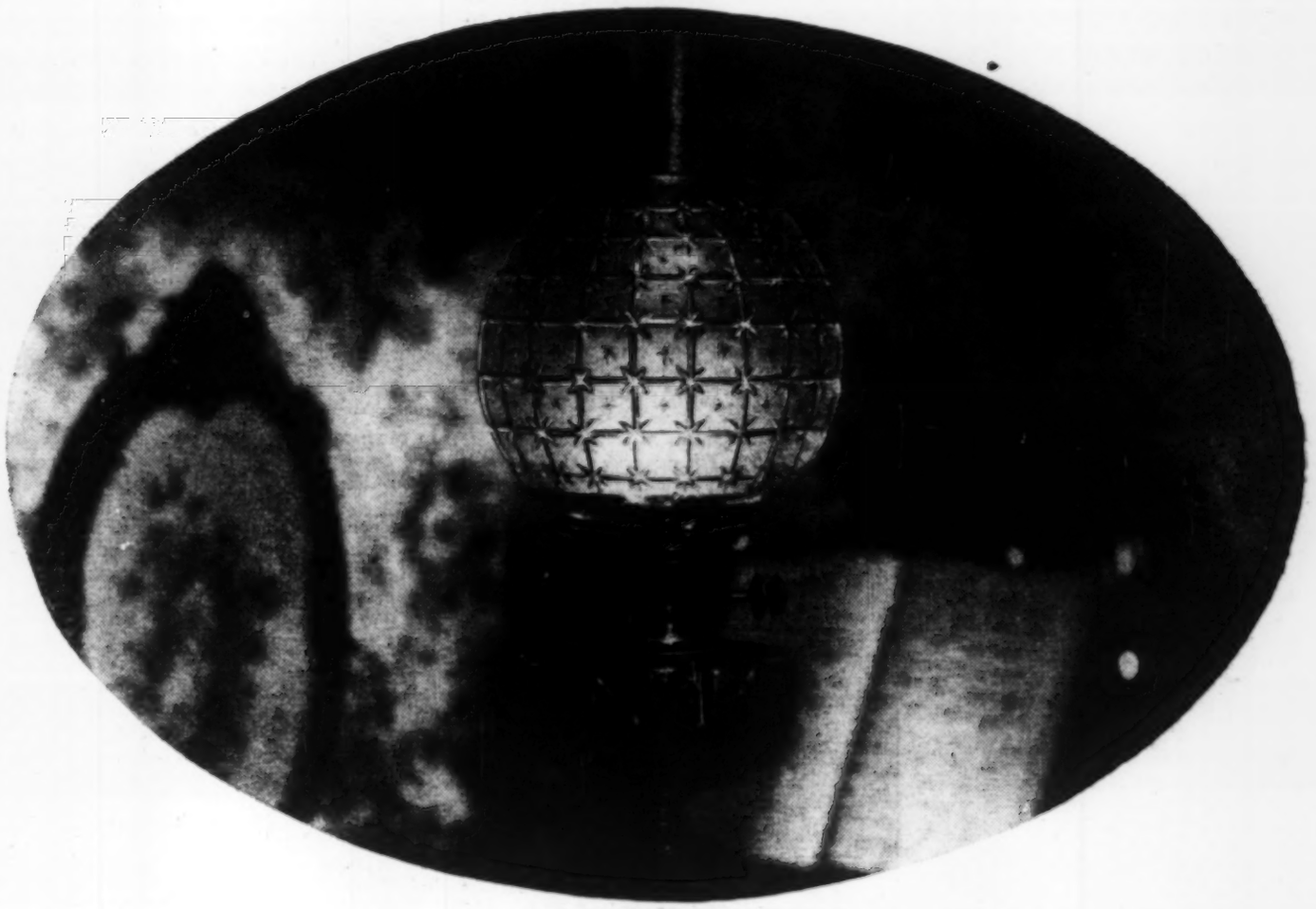

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such severe cracks; yet the cracks are themselves a symptom, and *Aniara* was not a waste of time.

Aniara was scarcely adequate as a means of appraising the merits of the Stockholm opera company and so it has been a great pleasure to attend their production of *Die Walküre*. (I shall be writing about *Wozzeck* next week.) Provided one shut one's eyes to the scenery and staging, and one's ears to what was happening orchestrally, there was much that is worth remembering. Set Svanholm's Sigmund fulfils every expectation aroused by his Decca recording, though of course age sometimes tells. Birgit Nilsson is a Brünnhilde that any festival could be proud of, whilst Kerstin Meye's Fricka combines originality with sense.

The Usher Hall concerts which I have been able to attend have been all too faithful to the Edinburgh Festival brand image. The Lucerne Festival Strings gave a programme of Bach, Purcell and Vivaldi in which the much over-praised purity of tone was made plain at the expense of vital movement. But for sheer stone-walling the so-called memorial concert to Vaughan Williams was an astonishing feat. As if the choice of programme had not already done enough to present the composer in the worst possible light, the chorus and orchestra nearly succeeded in extinguishing the light altogether. The inclusion of the dear old Sea Symphony at an international festival is really inexcusable. This is surely the work by which the composer himself would least have wished to be remembered. The only other work in the programme was the Piano Concerto, played by Vronsky and Babin. This is not one of Vaughan Williams's most successful pieces, but in the first two movements at any rate there are many good things. The influence of late Ravel is both unexpected and rewarding. But the arrangement for two pianos is an abomination, compounding rather than clarifying the work's textural difficulties. There is absolutely no musical justification for the long-standing campaign in favour of this version, and the sooner the original is revived the better it will be for the work.

Vronsky and Babin were heard in more auspicious circumstances at a Freemasons' Hall concert where they played Mozart's wonderful F major duet sonata, a Stravinsky concerto for two pianos, and the Schubert F minor Fantasy. The Babins' Stravinsky is not what it used to be and one doubts if their Mozart can ever have been very idiomatic. But at least their concert was worthy of an international festival. Edinburgh's right to that title is often questioned. But the witless war cry, 'more contemporary music', will not help. Like the passengers of *Aniara*, the Festival is suffering from nothing so much as *timor mortis*.

DAVID DREW

Fairly Jolly Shaw

THE total of Shaw films is mounting, yet how few of them strike high enough to make a possible Shaw festival! The latest, *The Devil's Disciple*, is by no means unentertaining; it does better than its predecessor, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, if not nearly as well as those early pieces, *Pygmalion* and *Major Barbara*, which instigated the whole thing. The trouble with most Shaw films is that talk, talk, talk to a standstill is the worst possible recipe, and verbal acrobatics are no substitute for visible action. This applies less to *The Devil's Disciple* than to most of the plays. It was Shaw's idea of melodrama – melodrama turned inside out; the gallopade off can be brought on, previous alarums are made present. So *The Devil's Disciple* offered fair material, and the result to be seen at the Leicester Square cinema is a fair film.

A touch of style is given by some satirical comment out of the play backed by puppets at war; then we come to the real thing, though with Shaw's high spirits the hangings could never be quite real hangings and the war must always be nine-tenths one of wit. Olivier as Gentlemanly General Burgoyne exactly fits the situation, broods lightly and ironically as style demands; Kirk Douglas as Dick Dudgeon capers too much in wickedness and doesn't quite take to his essential virtue; while Burt Lancaster is altogether, as the pastor at heart a captain, too cautious in so polite a role to make the transformation the bursting-out it should be. Still, with the help of Shaw's lines and situations, and bits of puppetry mixed with comic violence, they make quite a jolly thing of it, and the stupid-soldiering bits are every scrap as good as *Arms and the Man* (which somehow – I believe – has escaped screening). In fact *The Devil's Disciple* lifts just enough to make one wish it would lift more. But Shavian high spirits are elusive enough on the stage and grasped only intermittently here. I suppose we should be grateful for this Hecht-Hill-Lancaster production which has at least managed to square its original with starcasting and entertainment tough enough to take its place in the circuits.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Big City

IT can hardly be doubted that some sequences in *The Savage Eye* (Edinburgh Festival) are going to be accepted as classic. The sequences are all among the documentary ones of a film that is half-fiction, half-fact about the seamier and nuttier sides of Los Angeles life – all-in wrestling, striptease, queer clubs, faith-healing meetings. They are sharp, intense, spectacular, and imaginative. And they are mercifully free of the tarting up with effects from German films of the Twenties so often exploited when Hollywood goes 'realistic'. It is the absence of rhetoric as much as the originality of the cross-cutting that makes the treatment of the all-in wrestling crowd even more powerful and indicting than the analogous scenes in *The Set-Up*. The detachment of the satire, detachment which leaves room for compassion, brings its biggest rewards in the preposterous faith-healing sequence, as sad as it is grotesque, a halting procession of sick Gothic faces to the rhythm of the healer's monotonous, oddly matter-of-fact whine.

One assumes that the story upon which these brilliantly savage fragments of reportage are hung was just a pretext for stringing them together. It's about a middle-ageing woman who is getting a divorce and who cares and is all alone in the big bad city (most alone, of course, when making loveless love). The ham is served up with sweet pickle in the form of a commentary, worldly-wise and well-versed in pop psychopathology. The sordid episodes are the things she, soured and lonely, sees in the course of her odyssey. What is difficult to understand is what point is added to the monstrous and pathetic things we see by the fact that we are supposed to be seeing them through her eyes. The film's curious mixture of half-baked psychology and really imaginative observation is not uncommon in contemporary American almost-highbrow art. We get it in, say, Mailer's novel, *The Naked and the Dead*: the external world is recorded with great force and vision; the internal world is made much of, but only to be melodramatised and generalised.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Correspondence

THE CASEMENT DIARIES

SIR,—Mr Bulmer Hobson has earned our gratitude by revealing the unsuspected romance in Casement's life. If he will think the matter over, however, and especially if he will remember the history of known homosexuals, I trust he will realise that he has given me no reason to alter my estimate of Casement.

I am sorry that Mr Hobson considers that 'the real Casement bore no resemblance to the picture she has drawn', for it was not intended to be an unpleasant one. The trouble is this: whereas Mr Hobson and his friends *know* the diaries are forged, I have respectfully weighed up the evidence for the genuineness of the documents and consider it so convincing that one cannot estimate the man's character without taking them into account.

Though no expert in this field, I have a great respect for the work of Dr Wilson Harrison, who has made a full examination and advised the Home Secretary. I have further examined the diaries diligently with a very powerful magnifying glass, and also under the ultra-violet lamp available to students in the Public Record Office (a method apparently not used by previous inquirers). Particular attention was of course paid to disputed passages, but I was unable to find any trace of erasures, obliterations, bleachings or other interference. The handwriting was varied in form as would be expected, but always showed Casement's characteristics. As for the discrepancies between the originals and the typed copies, to which such inexplicable importance is attached, they seemed to me not only very few but no more than is inevitable where a confused manuscript is typed. To suggest that the rare and trivial deviations are deliberate mistakes introduced to give a sinister character to innocent diaries is sheer nonsense.

Great play has also been made with the fact that Casement started his 1911 Letts diary on Sunday the first of January though he had only arrived in Paris late the evening before, after 5 months abroad. How could he get hold of an English diary in Paris on a Sunday? The mystery vanishes when one looks at the 1911 Cash Ledger. What he obviously did was to use this ledger book as a diary for a few days until he got to London on 4 January. Then having bought his Letts diary he conscientiously wrote up the entries from 1 January from the brief notes in the Ledger, e.g., the same French phrase is used in both volumes under 1 January but in a longer form in the Diary. Under the heading of 'Stationery' in the Cash Ledger summary of expenditure for January explicitly stated to cover London not Paris, there is an item of 1s. 6d. which was the cost of the Letts Diary.

Mr Ewart Milne's sturdy assertion of faith does not lend itself to discussion but it is surprising that he ventures to repeat the discredited legend that a Normand diary, mentioned to Mr Bulmer Hobson, could have any connection with the Black Diaries. To anyone who has seen them the story is meaningless as an explanation, for the incidents and comments which render them obscene could have no reference to Normand and are interwoven with the known life of Casement. It is also incredible that if Casement possessed such a document he would have allowed it to be suppressed without making violent protests. No trace of a reference to this diary can be found in Casement's reports, though he frequently makes charges against Normand of offences against women: the whole thing seems to have vanished into thin air.

Surely your correspondents realise that it is they who are keeping 'the sore' open. So long as they throw about wholesale accusations of forgery and fraud, they must expect to be confronted with refuting evidence. I hope the Home Secretary will soon make public full laboratory reports by specialists – the more the better.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

60 Beaufort Mansions
SW3

SIR,—May I say how gratified I was to read the two important letters about the Casement Diaries in your current issue? I call them important because they dispute the findings of René MacColl and Dr Fairfield. One notices that the government gladly gives its permit to see the Diaries to those persons who can be trusted to proclaim the opinion that they are authentic. Indeed, I know of one person only who has had access to them and who came away convinced that certain passages were interpolated forgeries (Dr Herbert Mackay).

When I myself applied for permission to see the Diaries, since I am one of the very few people in England alive today who knew Casement well, I was informed by the Home Office official in charge of the matter that the Diaries were only available to 'responsible persons who have made a study of Casement's life and persons qualified to express an informed opinion on the authenticity of the Diaries'. I should have thought that this included me. I have written many articles on Casement, and – as I made clear in my application – I hold the power of attorney (as far as the Diaries are concerned) of Casement's next of kin, namely his niece, Mrs Stuart (who is a

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friend of mine), and her sisters, all now resident in Melbourne.

I do not know how well Dr Fairfield knew Roger Casement, nor why she should suddenly have placed herself in the position of adjudicating on the matter. I can only say that I never once heard Casement mention her name.

Since I am not allowed to see the Diaries, I am unable to express an opinion on them, but I should be greatly surprised to discover that they are genuine.

GERALD HAMILTON

202 Hood House
Dolphin Square
SW1

SIR,—In confirmation of the view of Critic as to the genuineness of the Diaries the following facts may be of interest to your readers. At the time of Casement's arrest my cousin, the late Sir Harry Boyd, who was Assistant Private Secretary to the Home Secretary, heard from a friend who had rooms in Ebury Street where Casement had been living that there was a box left by the latter and that the landlord wanted to know what should be done with it. The Home Office of course sent for the box at once and my cousin was probably one of the first to see its contents. I remember well his telling me at the time of the indecent nature of many of the entries. As it is unlikely that Casement forged his own diaries, this seems to be conclusive that Critic's view is correct.

W. REEVE WALLACE

19 Sheffield Terrace
W8

SIR,—The following points have always seemed to me conclusive against the genuine character of the Casement papers.

(1) The Foreign Office officials refused to testify that the writing on the two sheets the Crown were endeavouring to use in the Casement trial was Casement's, and the court excluded them. The writing in the volumes deposited at the Record Office are not really like Casement's genuine handwriting.

(2) Lord Sanderson, who was Casement's immediate superior, never believed in the homosexual allegations: nor did Colonel Repington, Walford Scawen Blunt, E. D. Morel or Hilaire Belloc, all of whom knew Casement.

(3) The complete unlikelihood of a man like Casement, when surrounded by virulent enemies, incriminating himself in this way. The recent Grivas 'diaries' were equally absurd for the same reason.

(4) No single person has ever been produced prepared to testify to any knowledge of Casement's alleged abnormal tendencies.

(5) The documents were examined by experts at the instance of Arthur Henderson, when Home Secretary, at the request of his Cabinet colleague, J. H. Thomas and the report was against authenticity. Mr Thomas wished a statement to be made on the subject but that desire was overruled by very influential interested persons.

(6) Some passages are summaries of the boys' evidence given at the trial of Oscar Wilde.

(7) The large sums spent by hostile persons in endeavouring to find something to discredit Casement's character at the time of the Putumayo atrocities were being exposed, were completely wasted as nothing could be found against him.

Another curious thing is that the *original* story was that the Diaries were typewritten but typed very badly. The late Artemus Jones (Casement's junior counsel) told me that a *typewritten* document (which he saw) was proffered to him as the original at the time of the trial.

C. H. NORMAN

White House
Regent's Park
NW1

RADICALISM AND LABOUR

SIR,—Mr Priestley made a brilliant case for a radical Labour policy in a recent NEW STATESMAN. That case is even stronger than he made it. Priestley feels that, though worth while, a more radical programme might well lose the general election. On the contrary it would improve Labour's chances, not only because it would provide differences between the two parties big enough to excite more voters, but because of another reason: a radical policy would be *popular*.

Let me give an example. If Labour cut the £1,520 million a year programme on arms by £500 million (and we were 'only' spending £750 million up to 1950) with this sum the government could introduce sweeping social reforms. It could raise old age pensions by £1 a week, vastly increase the council house building programme, and transform our educational system. Does any reader of your paper really believe this policy would lose votes?

In addition, of course, this, like any other step which reduces international suspicion and tension, will be welcomed by the overwhelming majority.

My friend Emrys Hughes, MP for South Ayrshire, has fought his elections on policies more radical even than unilateral abolition of the H-bomb. At each election he has increased his majority.

FRANK ALLAUN

House of Commons

PASSAGE TO NOTTING HILL

SIR,—I have read with much interest an article by Dr Yehudi A. Cohen, of the Department of Sociology at Columbia University, examining the home living conditions of the West Indian emigrant and their bearing on his reaction to life in Britain, and published in your issue of July 18.

I wish to comment on one observation. I quote Dr Cohen's words—

> The same holds true, incidentally, for most Jamaicans who wish to go beyond any secondary school—and many Jamaican secondary schools manage to discriminate against coloured students in one way or another.

I hasten to correct this statement, which is entirely wrong. With a system of entry into our secondary schools based on the results of a common entrance examination carried out by the Ministry of Education here, there is no scope for any discriminatory practices against coloured students. The vast majority of students in the secondary schools are in any case coloured as are the majority of principals and assistant teachers.

F. A. GLASPOLE
Minister of Education

Ministry of Education
Kingston, Jamaica
West Indies

LABOUR IN THE UNIVERSITIES

SIR,—May I put forward some points to help explain why provincial university Labour clubs are not as strong as one would like. Mr Lipton suggests that a membership of about 80, as at Birmingham (only 2 per cent. of eligible students) is very poor, yet compared to many other societies at the same University this is good. It has been said with considerable truth that at Birmingham there are only 300 active students as far as societies and Union activities are concerned. This is not because of bad organisation nor apathy but because student conditions make participation very difficult.

The majority of students live in digs, which are scattered throughout the city, thus many students have to travel long distances each day, often taking an hour or more. Also a large number of these people have to be in digs for their evening meal. As if this were not enough, many departments actively discourage student activities, and for science and engineering students compulsory laboratory attendances mean that students may have six to seven hours of lectures, tutorials, and laboratory work each day, as well as being expected to write up notes and write essays. Thus studying one's subject and living (eating and sleeping) take all a student's time and prevent him taking a more active part in student life. Against this background the fact that we have a small percentage membership seems reasonable.

However, students are interested in Socialism and if there were strong leadership, and more important still, if a clear image of Socialism and of the Labour Party were put over, then we should see more students making the effort to overcome the problems within student life, so that they could participate actively in Labour clubs. Equally important is the need for a strong youth movement within the Labour Party, so that students could come up to university already interested in Socialism, before they fall into the clutches of the Academics, who see nothing but their own subject.

The worst feature at the moment in Labour clubs is their dominance by students studying the social sciences, while the numbers of pure science and engineering students in comparison is very small.

Thus the problem is threefold, the fact that provincial universities are becoming cramshops for specialised knowledge only, the lack of a strong youth movement, and the failure of the leadership to put over a clear picture of Socialism and of the Labour Party. The fact that NALSO is not as efficient or as well organised as one would like, only adds to the problem; it is not, however, the root of the matter.

ANDREW F. BENNETT
Chairman

Birmingham University Socialist Union
Birmingham

AFRICA SOUTH

SIR,—The Nationalist Government of South Africa has recently placed Ronald Segal, the Editor of *Africa South*, under a ban. This repressive measure is clearly directed against *Africa South*, which is a journal of high literary quality and one of the few remaining South African publications through which the liberal voice on racial matters is heard, both inside and outside South Africa.

In the past Christian Action has given considerable financial support to *Africa South*. Now, with the full co-operation of Miss Ainslie, the UK representative of *Africa South*, it has undertaken full responsibility in this country for raising enough money to supplement what can be raised in South Africa to ensure the continuance of this important journal. We are determined to do all we can to enable Ronald Segal and his colleagues to carry on producing it out there, but if the Nationalist Government makes this impossible, to provide for its being printed outside the Union

Christian Action is in the process of setting up a small committee of the Sponsors of its Defence and Aid Fund to advise on ways and means of establishing *Africa South* on a permanent financial basis. In the meantime we need money at once to finance the next few issues. Contributions should be sent—the maximum possible, please—to the Secretary, Defence and Aid Fund, 2 Amen Court, EC4 earmarked *Africa South*.

L. JOHN COLLINS,
Chairman

Christian Action
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WISDOM AND RESPONSIBILITY

SIR,—Critic, who has been gracious enough to describe me as a very likeable person, writes in his weekly journal that from distant Madras I speak 'irresponsible wisdom and folly'. We all know wisdom that is irresponsible is folly. And folly is of course always folly. And what, pray, is responsibility that gives the right of entrée to wisdom? To be in office. So that, it follows from what Critic says that no one can claim to be right, however right he may be, unless he is in office—a *reductio ad absurdum* in democracy which not only believes in but everyone admits is no good without an opposition.

As for distance, unfortunately India is a big country. We can plan our families, but we cannot, alas, reduce the size of our country. All places beyond a certain distance from Delhi must therefore be permanently relegated to unwisdom. Manchester is near enough to London and so both can be wise, but India is so big that ever so many places must be content to be outside the close circle of responsible wisdom according to Critic.

If my arguments here are all misconceived and wrong, then 'responsible' means just what 'Critic' thinks is responsible, which is what may be called begging the question.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

Madras
South India

SALOME

SIR,—We were rather amused to read in 'This England' an extract from the *Daily Mail*, in which a mention was made to our production of *Salome* by Oscar Wilde.

The original statement to the press concerning the costume which Miss Stevens would be wearing at the end of the dance of the seven veils bore no relation whatsoever to the description given in several of the more 'popular' newspapers, and in every case, the story which was printed concerning the dance and the costume to be worn, and our relationship with the Rev J. Cyril Downes was a more or less complete fabrication.

Since we have had to contend with this sort of publicity ever since it was known that we planned to perform *Salome* in a church hall, we are glad that other people recognise the absurdity of this type of press reporting which seems to ignore the basic concept of 'the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth', and which adds nothing to the reputation of the press.

TREVOR HORSFIELD
Chairman

Dramatics Committee
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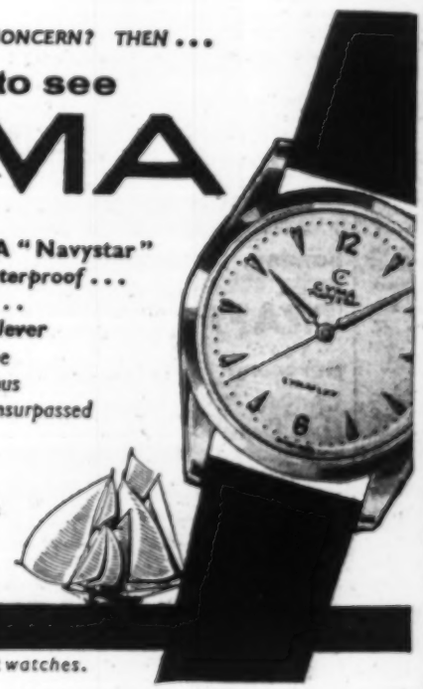

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GERMAN LITERATURE

What Has Happened to it Since 1945

It is typical of this post-war situation that to certain very pertinent questions no clear answers can be given. The balance of the generations has been disturbed: creative tension between traditional values and those of the *avant-garde* no longer exists. Again, since no new 'movements' of lasting importance have emerged, the critic has to restrict himself to the analysis of a number of parallel tendencies, to an attempt to isolate groups of writers who may have something in common. Some younger writers, for instance, have been busy 'discovering' literary phenomena which in other European countries have long since been digested and absorbed. Thanks to this, Kafka and Proust and Joyce, as well as Hemingway and Faulkner, have been enjoying a kind of delayed topicality over here. Yet all this is taking place at a time when the conditions under which these works were produced, the climate or ambience from which they emerged, can no longer be experienced. And one result of this is that formal aesthetic qualities are frequently over-emphasised, and content neglected. Brecht's 'content' is respected because of his aesthetic programme, not vice versa.

The truth is that our literary traditions have been stultified by the violent revaluations and devaluations of recent decades. A living tradition is only to be kept alive by the continual exercise of memory and judgment. But it is just this literary 'memory' that has suffered most in the period since Hitler came to power. The Nazis' attempt to build up a spurious, artificial tradition – to prove their own legitimacy by the appeal to spiritual forbears – has indeed vanished without trace (its importance is frequently exaggerated abroad, as in the case of the Nazi exploitation of Nietzsche). And the real danger lay elsewhere. In order to set up this spurious 'tradition' of theirs, they had to destroy what remained of the genuine tradition. In the process many authors – some in bad, some in not-so-bad odour with the regime – simply vanished from the public eye. Heinrich Heine, for example, means little to the average reader of today – but not because he was a Jew. And the same is true more or less of Clemens Brentano, Novalis, even Schiller. When violent hands are laid on literature in this way, critical judgment is the first to go. A vacuum results and is quickly filled with vague and sweeping generalities. Under the Third Reich a performance of Schiller's *Don Carlos* in Berlin could be considered a revolutionary act. By contrast one heard it said after the war that Schiller's idealism had actually contributed to the megalomaniac nonsense of Nazism.

It is this fluctuating evaluation of the literary past, together with the disappearance of Berlin, the former intellectual centre, and our belated coming-to-terms with the literature of the Twenties, that is responsible for the fragmentary nature of our post-war writing. And, to the gap between the generations and all that has tended to distort and interfere with the process of criticism, one must add the political division of Germany and the precarious existence of a capital city that can neither be given up nor more than provisionally established.

Yet the reproach that our literature is in the process of migrating to the provinces is perhaps premature. The metropolis was, after all, the centre of intellectual activity only for a very short period in this country. Literature never had the social function or significance it had in France and England. A writer who never ventures beyond the borders of his native province is able to build up, even today, a reputation in the world at large. Others, for all their cosmopolitan pretensions, may remain the prisoners of a narrow intellectual horizon. A literary clique can be quite as provincial as any small-town gossip-shop.

Nevertheless, the process of literary exchange would be a far more natural one in a metropolis, and a great deal of artificial organisation could be done without. For the fact remains that we have no real literary centre. Munich, Frankfurt and Hamburg could each put in a partial claim; but so long as the writer lacks any say in public matters, and has no recognised standing even in cultural affairs, such claims must appear implausible. Certainly they have little substance at present, except in the case of a few well-known journalists.

Nor have we any 'leading magazine' – in the popular sense. The readership of the not very numerous journals that survived the currency reform of 1948 has remained fairly constant. And there is no real intellectual competition between these isolated groups. Rather, the impact of a particular author or book travels like a shock-wave through the whole range of 'little magazines'.

No literary weekly has managed to establish itself as a going concern; even revivals of once highly regarded journals (such as Willy Haas's *Neue Literarische Welt*) have been short-lived. The literary supplements of the larger daily papers (particularly those of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, *Die Zeit*, the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* and the *Stuttgarter Nachrichten*) are extremely well written, and read with attention by a large public. The radio stations have been particularly generous and far-sighted in their patronage of contemporary literature. Book reviews, talks, radio-plays (often of high literary quality), discussions and lectures are allocated considerable time in the general and 'Third' programmes. The literary and cultural departments of the various broadcasting stations are headed as often as not by literary men of the older generation. They do their best to preserve a balance between the view that only *avant-garde* literature is truly creative, and the critical reflection that *avant-garde* writing must be regarded as the spearhead of a common literary tradition, if it is not to lose itself in no-man's-land or be at the mercy of every passing fashion.

They feel this responsibility the more strongly because of the feverish rate of consumption of books – books that are, incidentally, extremely difficult to sell when the flood of new titles bursts on the autumn Book Fair in Frankfurt am Main. The new title is in any case the spoilt darling of the book trade today. And there is a connection between this craving for novelty and the general public's short memory and inability to discriminate. Despite this, it is evident that individual post-war authors and publishers are again attracting a public of their own, a public that values the personal creative achievement of a chosen author or that has confidence in the policy of a particular publishing house. Such evidence of private initiative on the part of the reader, though not yet much developed, is a hopeful sign. As a pointer to a possible regeneration of German letters (and German letters has always leaned heavily on this 'army of the anonymous') such signs of confidence are of much greater significance than the sort of literary *grand-tourisme* that contracts to skim the peaks of world literature one by one, and imagines, pocket-book in hand, it holds a passport to all the regions of the human spirit.

KARL AUGUST HORST

News from East Germany

BERLIN is where East Germany begins. But Berlin itself, East or West, is no longer what it was, old Berliners will tell you. For one thing it is no longer the capital of Germany. In Herr Issyvoo's day everything of importance in German *Kultur* had happened in Berlin: Thomas Mann in Munich was the exception. Brecht, starting in Munich, had moved on to Berlin by the middle Twenties. In Berlin Auden, Spender, and Isherwood first saw the plays of Georg Kaiser and Ernst Toller. And where would *The Ascent of F6* and *The Dog Beneath the Skin* have been without their example? And, indeed, without Bert Brecht, Sigmund Freud, Karl Marx, old uncle Georg Groddeck and all? The Bloomsbury Twenties had been accused of excessive Francophilia; but the Thirties in their turn went madly German. The New Ideas and the New Writers – Kafka and Rilke, as well as the Expressionists – came from Germany, which meant Berlin (and, to a lesser extent, Vienna). Sartre was there, too, in the early Thirties. Berlin had become the finishing school of the left-wing intelligentsia.

The Reichstag fire put an end to the fun. Brecht, Toller, and Kaiser took the hint and changed trains as quickly as they could. One well-known poet at least, Gottfried Benn, stayed on. Benn had represented the nihilistic, anti-humanist side of Expressionism, the antithesis of Toller's world-bettering *schwärmerei*. At Hitler's accession he gave a couple of ill-advised broadcasts welcoming

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'the coming regeneration of the White Race'. (It did him no good. His writings were proscribed in 1938 and he beat a hasty retreat into the *Wehrmacht:* 'The only,' as he put it, '*respectable* form of emigration'.) Benn's flirtation with the Nazis would not have mattered so much had he not been a far better poet than Toller and his friends.

Benn lived on, through the Battle of Berlin and the Berlin Blockade, to become a major influence on younger poets in West Germany (the East, of course, proscribed him as a Nazi). I attempted to interview him in the spring of 1956, shortly before his death, but got no further than a telephone call. Benn began at once to describe to me, a young man wholly unknown to him, the 'fearful sufferings' he was undergoing. I was never to see him in the flesh, but I recalled the deep, melancholy voice from recordings of his poems. The poetry was in the suffering: both were genuine enough. A friend, interviewing Brecht in East Berlin that same spring – also shortly before his death – brought back a very different report. To Benn his approaching end could mean only the victory of the 'monstrous dark' of his poems. Brecht spoke with strangely naive enthusiasm of the world as it would be in a hundred years' time, when a cook 'would cook, not just for his keep, but to fulfil himself as an artist. . . .' It was a little too good to be true. It fitted too snugly into the pattern of Faith and Unfaith in the Historical Dialectic.

Since the war Benn and Brecht have been the rival literary gods of Berlin, the Janus-faced city: Benn to be worshipped in *angst* and solitude, Brecht in the chummy solidarity of his *Theater am Schiffbauerdamm.* It is not quite fair, of course, to take them as symbols of East and West: Benn was a highly atypical 'Westerner', Brecht an eccentric, if not actually unorthodox, 'Easterner'. They are neatly complementary: Benn with his lyrical subjectivity, Brecht with his would-be 'epic' objectivity. But that is not the whole story. The Communist leaders themselves could be absurdly conservative; Brecht's 'epic' production of *Urfaust,* for instance, was slapped down as 'an insult to our national poet'. And Benn established no sort of monopoly in the West with his 'pure subjectivity'. To the new Catholic writers Benn was anathema. And after 1948 a reaction set in among young people, sick both of suffering and of poets who 'suffer', against Rilke and Benn and the whole cult of subjectivity.

Brecht was, of course, heavily committed to the Communist cause; but he always refused to be a party poet like Aragon. It was his patron Johannes R. Becher (who died last autumn) who gave the West its easiest laughs. Becher had been an Expressionist, famous for an ecstatic Ode to Rosa Luxemburg ('I roar out triumph across the worlds to you/To you, O solitary one. O holy one. O Woman.') He had spent the years of exile in Moscow acquiring – according to Koestler – a reputation as the German CP's most agile intellectual rope-dancer. And the poems he wrote after his return were in a very different vein: sentimental, patriotic, politically and metrically orthodox. Becher was now writing in his capacity as Minister of Culture of the newly founded German Democratic Republic, composing odes, not to Rosa Luxemburg, but to Walter Ulbricht and Joseph Stalin.

It is easy to sneer at Becher and his like. But it was he who persuaded Brecht to return to East Berlin from American exile and procured him a handsome State subsidy for his *Theater am Schiffbauerdamm.* And Brecht was not by any means the only exile to return. Most of the prominent refugees did find their way back either to Germany or, like Thomas Mann, to German-speaking lands. And up to about 1950 it was East Germany that had attracted the most distinguished company. Anna Seghers and Ludwig Renn ('General Gomez' of the International Brigades, by birth a Prussian nobleman) returned from Mexico; Becher, Theodor Plivier, and Friedrich Wolf from the Soviet Union; Alfred Kantorowicz, Brecht, and Ernst Bloch from the United States. Thomas Mann gave his blessings to the cultural life of the infant republic; and Heinrich, his brother, would have settled there but for his sudden death in 1950. In *Kultur* the East looked all that time like getting off to a better start than the West.

With the imposition of Stalinism in East Germany (and Ulbricht has miraculously weathered the Thaw), the situation deteriorated rapidly. Anna Seghers had brought back two unpublished novels from exile, one of which, *Die Toten bleiben jung,* was of great interest as a study of the impact of politics on a Berlin family during the Weimar and Nazi periods. But she wrote nothing new, and has preserved a discreet – many would say eloquent – silence about political conditions in East Germany ever since. Plivier brought back his historical epics, *Moscow* and *Stalingrad;* but by the time the third volume of the trilogy – *Berlin* – had appeared, was himself a refugee from Communism. The book had turned under his hands into an indictment of the regime. Kantorowicz fled to West Berlin in the summer of 1957, having been deeply implicated in the Harich affair (Harich himself, the most brilliant of the younger post-war converts to Communism, is still in prison; he is said to be engaged, like Djilas, on a revaluation of Marxist philosophy). At the present moment, with Brecht and Becher dead, Harich in jail, and the rest silent or in exile, the East seems to have lost its earlier initiative.

Brecht remains the unknown quantity. Back in East Berlin he completed no new plays, but devoted himself to the production of the plays brought back from exile. Of the poems he wrote, only a handful have so far been published. But these have provoked a good deal of speculation. Did Brecht, perhaps, use his poetry as a means of expressing his dissatisfaction with the regime? What of his *Evil Morning*?

The silver-birch tree, a well-known local beauty,
Looks an old hag today; the lake
Like a puddle of dish-water – don't stir!
The fuchsia under the snapdragon cheap and flashy.
Why?
Last night in a dream I saw fingers pointed at me
As at a leper. They were worn to the bone,
And they were broken.

Ignorant ones! I cried
Full of guilt.

This poem is dated 'Summer 1953'. It has been suggested that it reflects Brecht's bad conscience about his part in the Workers' Rising of 17 June 1953. (Brecht wrote a letter to Ulbricht criticis-

The Guest Editor of this Supplement is Michael Hamburger.

Christopher Middleton has translated the short story by Hans Erich Nossack; John Mander the articles by Karl August Horst and Heinz Piontek; Michael Stone the article by Friedrich Luft. The poem by Bertolt Brecht has been translated by Michael Hamburger; those by Paul Celan and Heinz Piontek by Christopher Middleton; and Hans Magnus Enzenberger's by Eva Hesse.

Our thanks and acknowledgements are due to Suhrkamp Verlag for the poems by Bertolt Brecht and Hans Magnus Enzensberger and the story by Hans Erich Nossack; to Bechtle Verlag for the poem by Heinz Piontek; and to Deutsche Verlags-anstalt for the poem by Paul Celan.

ing the regime very frankly, but expressing his solidarity with the party. Only this concluding sentiment was published in the party press, and Brecht has never been forgiven by many West– and East–Germans for his supposed act of subservience.)

Yet such an interpretation is surely most improbable. It assumes all too naively that Brecht was 'one of us'. Why should not Brecht have been a Marxist *and* a critic of the regime? The 'guilt' from which Brecht suffered in his dream of the summer of 1953 – if we are to be so literal – was not different from the guilt he had long felt at man's inhumanity to man. The 'ignorance' in question is not so much the East German workers' ignorance of the perfidy of their regime (though it may be that, too), as man's general ignorance of the truth – the Marxist truth – about war, exploitation, and poverty. Such a view is at least consistent with the rest of Brecht's work. Those who want to make a Pasternak of Brecht are really deceiving themselves. They are also, I think, on the wrong tack in making apostles of Western Freedom out of every critic of Ulbricht's regime. Most of the opposition in East Europe has come, after all, from convinced Communists. Neither Harich, Brecht, nor Georg Lukacs (not to speak of Imry Nagy or Gomulka), has based his argument for reform on Western premisses. It is, therefore, extremely unlikely that new writing in Eastern Europe will conform to a Western pattern.

As it is, the difficulty is to find out what is being written. There is no cult of personality in East German letters, and little publishers' advertising. Contacts between young 'Eastern' and 'Western' writers in Berlin are practically non-existent; the two Germanies are in this, as in other ways, gradually drifting apart. In view of this, it is perhaps safest to rely on personal experience.

Shortly before leaving Berlin last year I went to an 'Agit-prop evening' at the *Theater am Schiffbauerdamm*. In West Berlin people have been saying for years that Brecht represents a dead end as far as the East is concerned. Frowned on by the Stalinist leadership, too sophisticated for a working-class audience, his theatre seemed to have no future. His avowed pupils – Peter Hacks, still in his early thirties, who came to East Berlin from Munich, or Günther Weisenborn, a left-wing poet and novelist in West Germany – had fallen into a slavish imitation of the accidents of Brecht's style. But this Agit-prop play, *Die Feststellung* ('The Test Case'), seemed to me to give the lie to this line of argument. Its author, Helmut Baierl, who works in a Leipzig publishing house, is undoubtedly a Communist. Yet he takes the bull by the horns and faces the one devastating argument against Ulbricht's regime – that thousands of Germans shake its dust from their heels every week and flee to West Berlin. The play is a *Lehrstück*, a Didactic Piece, on Brechtian lines. A peasant returns to his collective farm, disillusioned with the West: what is to be done with him? The peasant and the party official on the farm give differing accounts of the events leading up to his flight. What is the truth? One of the peasants then suggests a truly Brechtian means of determining it. The two shall act out the scene; the official taking the part of the recalcitrant peasant, and the peasant that of the arrogant party official. In the course of this amusing piece of action therapy, both see reason. The official would have behaved in the same way if he had been in the other man's shoes. He apologises and the peasant is received back into the collective.

This playlet has been performed before factory audiences and peasants' collectives with great success. It speaks to their condition in a way that

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Brecht's plays ultimately fail to do (*The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, with a rather similar plot, makes no impact whatever. It becomes a sophisticated fairy story.) The whole manner of Baierl's play is Brechtian; yet it is not mere imitation. The language is fresh and realistic: it is theatre by the people for the people, though Baierl is certainly as much of an intellectual as Brecht.

One may, of course, be wrong about Baierl; there are obviously many others working along similar lines. But he is, I think, typical. If the German Democratic Republic (assuming its continued political existence) is to evolve a literature of its own, it is much more likely to be the work of writers still in their twenties or early thirties like Baierl than of the returned exiles of the Hitler period. These young writers are rooted in the still highly inflammable and unstable social conditions of East Germany, and they have no direct experience of Germany-before-Ulbricht. This is not to say that they like Ulbricht's Germany; we can be sure that the majority would infinitely prefer a German Gomulka. But they probably like Dr Adenauer's Germany even less – a dislike shared, after all, by very many West German writers. (For the West, too, is becoming socially critical. There are Angry Young Men like Hans Magnus Enzensberger, a poet who has digested Brecht not unsuccessfully, and Klaus Roehler, with his bitter satires on West German life in the shadow of the Economic Miracle.) Though they seldom meet, young Eastern and Western writers probably have a great deal more in common than the official administrators of *Kultur*, in East and West, would care to admit. One thing is certain: the younger generation in Germany have better reasons for being angry than we have.

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Produces children, to save himself labourers and
Depends on the price of milk.

BERTOLT BRECHT

Fugue of Death

Black milk of daybreak we drink it at nightfall
we drink it at noon in the morning we drink it at night
drink it and drink it
we are digging a grave in the air that is no narrow grave
A man in the house he plays with the serpents he writes
he writes when the night falls to Germany your golden hair Margarete
he writes it and walks from the house the stars glitter he whistles his dogs up
he whistles his Jews out and orders a grave to be dug in the earth there
he commands us now on with the dance

Black milk of daybreak we drink you at night
we drink in the mornings at noon we drink you at nightfall
drink you and drink you
A man in the house he plays with the serpents he writes
he writes when the night falls to Germany your golden hair Margarete
Your hair of ash Shulamith we are digging a grave in the air that is no narrow grave

He shouts stab deeper in earth you there you others you sing and you play
he grabs at the iron in his belt and swings it and blue are his eyes
stab deeper your spades you there and you others play on for the dancing

Black milk of daybreak we drink you at night
we drink you at noon in the mornings we drink you at nightfall
drink you and drink you
a man in the house your golden hair Margarete
your hair of ash Shulamith he plays with the serpents

He shouts play sweeter death's music death comes as a master from Germany
He shouts stroke darker the strings and you'll wing to the sky in a smokeplume
then you'll have a grave in the clouds that is no narrow grave

Black milk of daybreak we drink you at night
we drink you at noon death comes as a master from Germany
we drink you at nightfall and mornings we drink you and drink you
death comes as a master from Germany blue is his eye
with a bullet of lead he will strike you and strike without fail
a man in the house your golden hair Margarete
he hunts us down with his dogs in the air he gives us a grave
he plays with the serpents and dreams death comes as a master from Germany

your golden hair Margarete
your hair of ash Shulamith

PAUL CELAN

Through the Forest

Two men in the afternoon
joy in their hearts like a blast on a horn,
all along swaying palisades of slender pine,
leaf-light the ferns effervesce,
the earth curved green beneath echoes of stillness.

With fowlingpieces and waterproof canvas bags,
victuals for three days, at the belt
the rolled sleepingbag, and the metal flask
containing schnapps or, empty already,
knocking the hip –
men in old uniforms,
the same rough laughter between their teeth
as they laughed when with automatics levelled
they captured a railway station which the enemy
had long since evacuated.

Through the forest together –
and death today requires to bag but a fistful of birds
and strew them among the thorns. But later this evening
he will appear to the men afresh, anecdotally:
when they encamp and smoke,
and the moon stands, a potsherd, three span up
over the pale massif –

this death from among the unceasing fables
that memory invents outside the reach of cities,
in a night without women,
when friends rest shoulder to shoulder,
lashed by the wind.

HEINZ PIONTEK

For a Senior College Textbook

Don't read odes, boy, timetables
Are more exact. Unroll the sea-charts
Before it is too late. Be on your guard. Don't sing.
The day will come when they paste upon the door
New blacklists and brand their mark on those who answer no.
Learn to pass unrecognized, to change quarters,
Identity and face: you'll need to more than I did.
Become adept at minor treason.
The sordid daily escape. The encyclicals
Will do to make a fire, manifestoes
To wrap up butter and salt
For the defenceless. Anger and endurance
Are necessary to blow into the lungs of power
The deadly powder, ground fine
By such as you who have learnt much
And are fastidious in their ways.

HANS MAGNUS ENZENSBERGER

The Meeting in the Hallway

THE most astounding declaration of love that I've ever heard of is the one which my friend E. made to an unknown lady. I happened to be there at the time. I can't say if the lady realised at all that it was a declaration of love. Evidently she did not know my friend, and people who don't know him might easily think that what he said was just the wild talk of a man who is drunk. But we were neither of us drunk. At the most we had had three glasses of kirsch each. Of course, we got a bit drunk afterwards; but that would have happened in any case.

Yet I assume that the lady understood him correctly. For the situation was an uncannily conclusive one. E. could easily have extricated himself as usual with one of his jokes, and if even so he said such daring things to her he must have known that he was not overestimating her intelligence.

Discretion forbids me to say who E. is. Not even the initial is right; so no one need try to puzzle it out. I can say just this much: he is quite a well-known person, if by this one understands that the newspapers consider it necessary to talk about him now and then, and that the public as it follows his activities feels entitled to regard him as a congenial relation. This means little enough; relationship is perhaps the least adequate basis on which to judge a person, for it means that one approaches a person point blank and doesn't even allow him the freedom to be other than what one wants him to be. As for me: I style myself E.'s friend, because I've found that I'm sometimes more concerned about him than about myself. This seems to be quite a good criterion for friendship. Though, of course, there may well be others. And, naturally, I've never said anything to him about this. He would ask, in amazement: 'Concerned about me? But why?'

All the same, I might die before him, and then nobody would ever hear of this unique courtship. It's highly unlikely that the lady, if she still thinks about it at all, will talk about it, and as for E., I'm sure that he forgot what he said within a few minutes of saying it. He's usually much more interested in the next step than in the one just taken; this is a peculiarity of his which is not always easy to get on with. To a certain extent, when the meeting took place, he skipped all possible intermediate phases of the situation, as if they didn't matter. An impossible finality was what he wanted, if I may put it so. It happened at lightning speed, and he was trying to sweep another person along with him as well. A mortally dangerous experiment; for it leaves behind it a delicate vacuum which not many people can bear. Most people, especially women, need a past, however small it may be, to support them. It's no wonder that immediately after the meeting I was a bit anxious about the lady whom E. had simply left standing, alone, in the emptiness.

It all happened one night in the 'Hafenschenke'. This particular bar has nothing whatever to do with any harbour, despite its name, except so far as the murals are concerned: liners, tugs, dolphins, two gulls and a loving couple under a street-lamp, in short, a harbour as mural painters imagine it to be. It's good enough for a town which is neither beside the sea nor on a river. A nice bar in a cellar, nothing more. Eighteen neckbreaking steps lead down to it from the street; yes, I've counted them, for this endless

Persecutors and persecuted — they existed at all times and in all countries! Our world is torn. Can it be cured, or will those elements win who can only return wickedness for wickedness and hatred for hatred? The stimulating dialectics of this question are the basis of a new novel by the Dutch psychotherapist.

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descent always amazed me. I think there's some sort of a cinema or dance-hall above it, hence the unusual depth. Down here you feel secluded – at least if you're the sort who can't feel at home in the phoney atmosphere of a bar built higher above ground. In the bar itself the light is pleasantly dim, restful to the eyes. Of course, there is the inevitable accordionist, even down here – it goes inseparably with the harbour idea – and if one buys him a drink he'll even play some such song as *In Hamburg, da bin ich gewesen;* but in spite of the noise, or precisely because of it – and on Fridays there is more noise than ever, because of the pay-packets – one can drink one's schnapps and eat one's chipolatas in peace. The barmaid is a fine strapping woman. She keeps a cudgel ready by her. But there's never any need to pick a quarrel with her. One hears of fighting there sometimes. Why not?

It was here that I had arranged to meet E. We were both very fed up. We had come to the town for a so-called congress, and we'd had to spend the whole afternoon in conference. Everyone knows what this means to people like us, and what comes of it all: endless argument and debate about things which should be settled with a simple Yes or No. Everyone likes to hear himself speak, and what was quite clear in one's mind beforehand is wholly uncertain afterwards. Into the bargain, one isn't even allowed to leave before the time is up; the others would take this as a statement of attitude – which one has no intention of making. It had already made a bad impression when E. had whispered to me at the conference that we should go as quickly as possible to the 'Hafenschenke', to recuperate somewhat. Everybody thought that we had joined the opposition and were concocting some intrigue.

I had had a few extra things to do. When I came in, E. was sitting at a table by the pillar with two very young apprentice carpenters. The place was pretty full, every table occupied. E. explained what it was all about. The two carpenters had hammers stuck in their belts, more as decoration, I thought; it seemed from their handles that they had hardly been used. These young chaps were holding the handles playfully and with a certain pride in their hands and then letting them slap back against their thighs, talking all the time about something to do with a 'gilded hammer'. E. wanted to know what it meant; he supposed that there was some old custom behind it. The two carpenters looked at each other and wouldn't say. They claimed to have taken an oath and said it would bring them bad luck if they gave anything away. Finally E. gave up and paid for their beers. One of them looked strikingly like Feuerbach's portrait of Nana; the other looked more like a young Raskolnikov. I pointed this out to E. He pulled a face. He doesn't like such comparisons, and he's right, of course. It's virtually as if one said that a certain landscape was almost as beautiful as one in the latest film.

I can't say what else we talked about. It's highly probable that we swore about things in general, and what we said will have been more or less nonsense; because we were there to recuperate. But, of course, one can't rule out the possibility that something more sensible may have accidentally slipped from the one or the other of us. That's how it is. Where would we get if we were to take that seriously? I only mention this because reference was later made to something which we must have said. But no mention was made of what it had been about. Things never got that far. In any case, we had no idea that someone at a nearby table was listening to us.

After quite a time we had to take a walk. For this purpose one has to cross a draughty hallway and then grope one's way through a pitch-dark vaulted cellar, which is full of lumber, to the door marked 'Gentlemen'. But here only the hallway matters, the hallway, that is, into which the stairs descend from the street. It is fairly big, square, with a high ceiling, and it has a stone floor. It is completely bare, and the walls are whitewashed. It is also brilliantly lit, to excess, a hundred times brighter than the subdued light in the bar. Yes, this naked brightness hurts, and, come to think of it, I don't know at all what this hallway is there for.

We were just coming back out of the darkness of the vault when through the open door of the bar a lady came walking towards us.

Unfortunately there is a slight gap in my report at this point. I can't describe the lady with any precision. I didn't study her closely at the time, and when I came to reflect subsequently on what had happened it was too late. Let's assume that she was about thirty years old. Who can tell with any certainty so late at night and with the light so unnaturally brilliant? Besides, such a light is very cruel to women. A vague sort of memory persuades me that there were a few freckles to be seen. And that the eyes were very large, though somewhat slit at the sides. The eyes? Wasn't it rather the way she had of looking? And weren't the eyes perhaps screwed up because she was dazzled? All this is very much more than I would care to say in a court of law. And is it important? But if without any forethought I have called her a lady, I do definitely mean this. God forbid that I should have to define the concept 'lady'. One just notices it, in some indefinable quality, the dress, the way of walking, the tone of voice, or some other detail, that's all there is to it. As I suggested before, it's quite within the bounds of possibility that one should meet a lady down there in the 'Hafenschenke', though perhaps not very often. Ladies who can afford to appear there without relinquishing some part of themselves are unfortunately rare. But this is all terribly irrelevant, as will now be seen.

She was coming straight towards us. We would have collided in the middle of the hallway. So one of us had to give way. Almost imperceptibly she faltered, and E. hesitated too as he saw her coming towards him with such girlish determination. Then we all three stopped. She looked at E. and then, without any preliminaries, without even the usual false smile with which women ask for consideration when they speak to a stranger, but quite plainly and with an overwhelming earnestness she said to him: 'I was listening a moment ago', and then after a tiny pause, as if for a last time she was thinking things over again, and once more without taking her eyes off him or moving an eyelid, she went on: 'I like you'.

At this I left them. It was the least I could do, in all delicacy. Could I stand around, like an ox, after such things had been said? Yet, to be honest, I did so not as consciously as it now sounds. My legs moved of their own accord. As if someone had brushed them with a whip and had shouted to them: 'Be off! You've no business here'. I went as far as the door to the bar. There I turned. It was wrong to do this, for now I couldn't go any further. I just had to stop, as if rooted there. It's all very well to be wise after the event. I know myself that it was improper. But everything happened at such an incredible speed.

The two of them stood motionless, facing each other. Two figures, completely isolated from everything else because of the horribly shadowless brilliance of the space they occupied. It was so terrible, one caught one's breath. Somewhere a swinging door banged. A gust of wind blew down the stairs, but the couple was untouched by it. To all appearances they were looking into each other's eyes. I couldn't see their faces; the lady had her back to me and although she was half a head shorter than E. she hid him from sight.

Then, after endless seconds, E. slowly raised his arms. This again had a terrifying effect, because it was quite unexpected and one did not know what he meant by it. I thought it would turn out to be a gesture of entreaty, and perhaps that's how it started. But it finished otherwise. He placed his hands on her shoulders. Very big hands, but he must have made them quite light. Like two clumsy birds they floated through the air and settled with the weightlessness of feathers on her shoulders. She didn't give an inch under their pressure. They simply came to rest on the dark cloth of her dress.

And then came the declaration of love. I mean the words – for these hands were a declaration of love in themselves. I heard every syllable, and perhaps that is the strangest thing of all. One must realize that I was standing about ten paces away, and E. certainly didn't speak in a loud voice. Such things are just not said in a loud voice. On the contrary, it must have been a raised whisper. And all this time there was such a noise pouring out of the bar – the accordion, shouts, screams, glasses clinking, chairs scraping – so that one could hardly have heard oneself speak. But obviously the noise was just as powerless as the biting draught which was blowing into the hallway from the street to penetrate the absolute silence which surrounded these two people. And I too stood inside the magic circle.

'Madame,' he said . . . I shall never know what

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made him address her in this way. She was not a Frenchwoman, nor were we in France. And yet what form of address could have been more apt? And how tenderly he pronounced this 'madame'. I had no idea he was capable of it. Almost like a child. Especially the two m's vibrated with such an inward warmth that my spine tingled.

'Madame, let's not associate in the inhuman way called love. We've been doing this for thousands of years and it has always brought us low, although we were created to stand upright.

'Can't we try to make some other use of this miracle of our meeting once more in spite of everything and so late in the night, so that the world needn't entirely despair over our failing again?

'You have seen, madame, something that I am not, but could be, and therefore must be. I've no name for it, I can't see it, and that makes my life restless and uncertain; for I know that it is sometimes there, and that it was there just now. It flew across the mirror and I felt it in the longing that arose in me to change myself into this image. Your eyes are clearer than mine, and sometimes you really do see it. This revives my hope that I shall become as you want.

'I entreat you, madame, not to deny it for the sake of any motherly feelings which could misguide you into wanting to take me in your arms, not crediting me with the power to endure alone the sorrow of my having longed till now in vain. Keep the image that you have of me, safely, so that I may not spoil it by any bodily impatience which would leave me nothing to compare myself with. For one day I would like to kneel down before you and call you an angel, having become one myself.

'Everything else, madame, let's consider it already suffered and enjoyed. Why should we go over it all again?'

Then he took his hands from her shoulders, and the spell was broken. I was only too glad; I felt I couldn't stand any more of it. I was afraid that something awkward might happen at any moment. That he really would kneel down, or I don't know what. Something in any case completely baffling. With E. one was always ready for this, even if it never actually happened.

He simply left the girl, or woman, or lady standing and came towards me. We plunged at once into the racket of the bar. We went together to the counter and I ordered some more kirsch.

It wasn't until I had knocked the stuff back that I came to myself. I looked behind me, to see if the woman was still standing outside. But I couldn't see her anywhere, the hallway was quite empty. Then I felt pity. If she had walked in, I would probably have sat down at her table, tapped her hand, and said: 'All right now, it's not so bad as all that. He doesn't mean it that way'. Possibly I might have fallen in love with her; at least the thought rose in my mind. Has anyone the right to speak as E. had done, and then calmly leave her to get along as best she can by herself? That's how it was, and before I knew it I found myself siding with her, and I was angry with E.

'Did you know her then?' I asked him.

'No. How could I know her?'

'One can't talk like that to a stranger.'

'Stranger?' He looked at me in surprise. 'But don't you see, we were anything but strangers to each other.'

Then we ordered some more kirsch. And from then on more and more, in rapid succession. There is this remedy, after all. True, though some say it's harmful.

HANS ERICH NOSSACK

Der Börsenverein
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How Does a West German Writer Live?

In the 'country of poets and philosophers' the writer no longer enjoys the high esteem in which he was held right up to the first world war. Indeed, his very existence has been erased from the consciousness of a large part of the population. The masses are preoccupied—here as elsewhere—with the goings-on of film stars and footballers, politicians, scientists and millionaires. Although the actual volume of literature consumed is quite staggering, the author himself is thought of as a kind of middleman. His creative effort is hardly considered. The image of the reporter, collecting his facts and processing them into a suitably gripping 'story', has come to replace the image of the inspired poet in the public mind.

The only writers still to make any sort of impact on the public imagination are those whose works run to monster editions or whose sensational life stories and calculated eccentricities make good newspaper copy. In general, however, our writers live in almost complete anonymity, spared the prying curiosity of their contemporaries, but also out of reach of their sympathy. It may be that they are well out of the general publicity racket. But the total absence of public interest must undermine the effectiveness of a writer's work; and, indeed, it is a danger signal for all intellectual activity in our country.

There are about 12,000 to 15,000 authors publishing in West Germany today, but of these only about a fifth are in the strict sense professional writers. The great majority, in other words, do not succeed in making a living out of 'creative' writing. They are employed as journalists, publishers' readers, dramatic critics, lecturers and teachers. They are only able to 'write' in their spare time. Professional writers have to live to a very large extent on what they can make from occasional work for radio, films or newspapers. Only a handful of writers can in fact live comfortably on the money their books bring in.

Novels are usually published in a first edition of about 5,000 copies. A publisher will be well satisfied if he can sell double this number. The author, as a general rule, gets 10% of the retail price of every copy sold (nowadays you pay about 21s. for a novel of 300 pages). He will be earning about as much as an unskilled factory-worker. Volumes of poetry, short stories or plays are bought in any case by the relatively small number of people interested in serious literature, and where serious literature is concerned, a publisher considers himself lucky if he can sell 1,000 to 2,000 copies. Such figures hardly constitute a business proposition for him. He will be able to afford to bring out highbrow works of this kind only if he has previously landed a best-seller or done well out of cheap pocket-book editions.

Although only a few authors are able to live on their books, numerous free-lance writers do nevertheless achieve a reasonable income. There is always enough radio and newspaper work to keep the wolf from the door. There are at the moment six large and two small radio stations in the Federal Republic, several national papers (with circulations of from 150,000 to 250,000), each with its book pages and literary supplements; and there are some dozen specialised reviews and literary magazines. Payment is in general not at all bad. For example: a published poem is worth about 30 DM (£3), a review of about 750 words, say, 70 DM (£7), a longer essay or short story anything up to 200 or 300 DM (£20-30). In addition, it is possible to publish the same piece in more than one journal and thus to double the fee. The large newspapers naturally insist on unpublished material, but there are a number of smaller journals (and radio stations) which are prepared to use already published work. And, films apart, it is radio that pays best. A radio play, broadcast by two or three stations in a joint production, can easily bring in several thousand marks. Fees for television scripts are still higher: I have heard of 20,000 DM and more being paid for a single television play. We have, however, at the moment only one programme in operation, and there is as yet no great demand for serious literary contributions.

A writer with academic qualifications is often able to find additional work as a translator, or as an editor – for instance, of one of the numerous pocket-book series. Writers of travel books are always assured of a ready market, and the same is true in an even greater degree of those who write books of a documentary nature. A number – still a very small number – of writers work in advertising; but most firms prefer to employ their people full-time. And there are, too, the possibilities of public lecturing and similar work. For many writers these lectures and recitations, together with LP recordings and the extremely popular radio brains trusts, form a substantial source of income.

The writer in the Federal Republic cannot expect any sustained support from his government – in startling contrast to East Germany where writers loyal to the regime are extremely well provided for. But the Ministries of Education of the various *Länder* have their annual prizes and scholarships and are prepared to extend aid in cases of extreme hardship. Awards and presentations – often combined with substantial grants of money – are made by the larger cities, by literary societies, academies, and other friends and patrons of literature. Even industrial corporations have been known to extend a helping hand. But these honours seem to make little impression on the general public, and their effect on book sales is quite insignificant. As financial shots-in-the-arm, however, these prizes are highly welcome. The sums range from several hundred up to 15,000 DM (£1,500). But a study of the lists of prize-winners shows the same names recurring again and again. This reflects an attempt to 'deflate' the value of these prizes by always giving them to a chosen few.

Now for the darker side. Somebody has worked out that the average monthly income of a free-lance writer in Western Germany is about 500 to 600 DM. That doesn't sound too bad. But in fact the majority make considerably less than this figure, which includes statistically the fabulous sums earned by some 50 money-spinning best-seller writers.

I suggested that it is above all the writers of the older generation who are beginning to feel the pinch. Not a few are still under a cloud because of their political 'past'. Some find it difficult to adjust themselves to the situation created by the modern literary movement or discover that their subject-matter is no longer of interest to a wide public. Often this is simply due to lack of technical know-how – inability, for instance, to write for the new radio audience.

Yet I find even young writers, able to enjoy a steady income some years ago, complaining now of financial difficulties. The root of the trouble is doubtless the general craze for novelty, the scramble for 'originality', which now possesses the public mind in this as in many other fields. The public mind responds to its perpetual overstimulation by becoming dulled, so that only new and more violent stimuli can make it react at all. No sooner has it accustomed itself to one author than it wearies of him. Many of our cultural middlemen acquiesce in this situation and go out deliberately for new names, dropping in their favour talented individuals whom they may just have discovered and promoted.

Though the actual production of books increases from year to year (in 1958 over 30,000 titles, *i.e.*, some 125 million books), *belles lettres* account for an ever smaller percentage of the whole. The modern reader cares little, it would appear, for works of the imagination. He is attracted by documentary reportage, popular science, and other works of a mildly didactic nature.

The absence of a capital city, creating standards valid for all parts of the country, has had a serious effect on the work of many writers. An author may be much read in Munich and scarcely appreciated in Frankfurt or Hamburg. The loss in rapid succession of the Grand Old Men of an earlier generation – Thomas Mann, Bertolt Brecht, Gottfried Benn – has rendered our literary scene leaderless and thrown our critical values into confusion. The struggle for the empty thrones of the gods rages furiously. Each group, each movement is attempting to manoeuvre its favourites into the limelight.

It is, therefore, not easy for the free-lance writer in our country to keep his head above water. But the risk he took when he chose this profession is that which has always been associated with intellectual adventure. No doubt much could be done by the state and by public institutions to better the financial position of the writer, but we should call a halt at the point where the image of the 'official' – officially sanctioned and supported – writer looms up on the horizon.

Heinz Piontek

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METHUEN

Post-war German Poetry

'MEET Contemporary German Poetry,' says the specialist. 'How do you do,' mumbles the reader, and goes back to his cronies. Perhaps this is not to be wondered at. It seems to be the fate of German literature generally never to get beyond the stage of being introduced to this country; and there's the language barrier – more formidable than ever where much post-war verse is concerned – the near-impossibility of translating work so remote from the main trend of contemporary British poetry. And Contemporary German Poetry doesn't exist, only poems good, bad and indifferent. To rattle off the names of their makers, divide them up into age-groups, tendency groups, bright boys and backward boys merely perpetuates the introduction of a phantom. What, then, can one do? Outline the situation? But literary situations are another unreality, invented to evade the reality of poems; and the situation of German poetry has changed too fast since the war for anyone's capacity to respond to it, far less to report on it with authority.

That, in fact, is half the trouble. If British poetry has been in a state of cold revolution – cold storage, some would say – German poetry has been wildly running the whole gamut of modernisation to make up for the enforced retrogression of the Nazi years. What is happening in British poetry, a cultural reorientation which may eventually lead to a radical change of aims and attitudes, can no more be understood outside this country than the cold revolution in its social and economic structure; and the young West German poets, who certainly can't be accused of isolationism at present, are showing more interest in French, American and even East European developments than in the work of their British contemporaries. It is Britain that is isolated and insulated by the continuity of her institutions; but since no one in his senses can take this continuity for granted now that it is threatened from without and from within, the post-war crisis in German literature could be of some interest to non-specialists.

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How Does a West German Writer Live?

In the 'country of poets and philosophers' the writer no longer enjoys the high esteem in which he was held right up to the first world war. Indeed, his very existence has been erased from the consciousness of a large part of the population. The masses are preoccupied—here as elsewhere—with the goings-on of film stars and footballers, politicians, scientists and millionaires. Although the actual volume of literature consumed is quite staggering, the author himself is thought of as a kind of middleman. His creative effort is hardly considered. The image of the reporter, collecting his facts and processing them into a suitably gripping 'story', has come to replace the image of the inspired poet in the public mind.

The only writers still to make any sort of impact on the public imagination are those whose works run to monster editions or whose sensational life stories and calculated eccentricities make good newspaper copy. In general, however, our writers live in almost complete anonymity, spared the prying curiosity of their contemporaries, but also out of reach of their sympathy. It may be that they are well out of the general publicity racket. But the total absence of public interest must undermine the effectiveness of a writer's work; and, indeed, it is a danger signal for all intellectual activity in our country.

There are about 12,000 to 15,000 authors publishing in West Germany today, but of these only about a fifth are in the strict sense professional writers. The great majority, in other words, do not succeed in making a living out of 'creative' writing. They are employed as journalists, publishers' readers, dramatic critics, lecturers and teachers. They are only able to 'write' in their spare time. Professional writers have to live to a very large extent on what they can make from occasional work for radio, films or newspapers. Only a handful of writers can in fact live comfortably on the money their books bring in.

Novels are usually published in a first edition of about 5,000 copies. A publisher will be well satisfied if he can sell double this number. The author, as a general rule, gets 10% of the retail price of every copy sold (nowadays you pay about 21s. for a novel of 300 pages). He will be earning about as much as an unskilled factory-worker. Volumes of poetry, short stories or plays are bought in any case by the relatively small number of people interested in serious literature, and where serious literature is concerned, a publisher considers himself lucky if he can sell 1,000 to 2,000 copies. Such figures hardly constitute a business proposition for him. He will be able to afford to bring out highbrow works of this kind only if he has previously landed a best-seller or done well out of cheap pocket-book editions.

Although only a few authors are able to live on their books, numerous free-lance writers do nevertheless achieve a reasonable income. There is always enough radio and newspaper work to keep the wolf from the door. There are at the moment six large and two small radio stations in the Federal Republic, several national papers (with circulations of from 150,000 to 250,000), each with its book pages and literary supplements; and there are some dozen specialised reviews and literary magazines. Payment is in general not at all bad. For example: a published poem is worth about 30 DM (£3), a review of about 750 words, say, 70 DM (£7), a longer essay or short story anything up to 200 or 300 DM (£20-30). In addition, it is possible to publish the same piece in more than one journal and thus to double the fee. The large newspapers naturally insist on unpublished material, but there are a number of smaller journals (and radio stations) which are prepared to use already published work. And, films apart, it is radio that pays best. A radio play, broadcast by two or three stations in a joint production, can easily bring in several thousand marks. Fees for television scripts are still higher: I have heard of 20,000 DM and more being paid for a single television play. We have, however, at the moment only one programme in operation, and there is as yet no great demand for serious literary contributions.

A writer with academic qualifications is often able to find additional work as a translator, or as an editor – for instance, of one of the numerous pocket-book series. Writers of travel books are always assured of a ready market, and the same is true in an even greater degree of those who write books of a documentary nature. A number – still a very small number – of writers work in advertising; but most firms prefer to employ their people full-time. And there are, too, the possibilities of public lecturing and similar work. For many writers these lectures and recitations, together with LP recordings and the extremely popular radio brains trusts, form a substantial source of income.

The writer in the Federal Republic cannot expect any sustained support from his government – in startling contrast to East Germany where writers loyal to the regime are extremely well provided for. But the Ministries of Education of the various *Länder* have their annual prizes and scholarships and are prepared to extend aid in cases of extreme hardship. Awards and presentations – often combined with substantial grants of money – are made by the larger cities, by literary societies, academies, and other friends and patrons of literature. Even industrial corporations have been known to extend a helping hand. But these honours seem to make little impression on the general public, and their effect on book sales is quite insignificant. As financial shots-in-the-arm, however, these prizes are highly welcome. The sums range from several hundred up to 15,000 DM (£1,500). But a study of the lists of prize-winners shows the same names recurring again and again. This reflects an attempt to 'deflate' the value of these prizes by always giving them to a chosen few.

Now for the darker side. Somebody has worked out that the average monthly income of a free-lance writer in Western Germany is about 500 to 600 DM. That doesn't sound too bad. But in fact the majority make considerably less than this figure, which includes statistically the fabulous sums earned by some 50 money-spinning best-seller writers.

I suggested that it is above all the writers of the older generation who are beginning to feel the pinch. Not a few are still under a cloud because of their political 'past'. Some find it difficult to adjust themselves to the situation created by the modern literary movement or discover that their subject-matter is no longer of interest to a wide public. Often this is simply due to lack of technical know-how – inability, for instance, to write for the new radio audience.

Yet I find even young writers, able to enjoy a steady income some years ago, complaining now of financial difficulties. The root of the trouble is doubtless the general craze for novelty, the scramble for 'originality', which now possesses the public mind in this as in many other fields. The public mind responds to its perpetual overstimulation by becoming dulled, so that only new and more violent stimuli can make it react at all. No sooner has it accustomed itself to one author than it wearies of him. Many of our cultural middlemen acquiesce in this situation and go out deliberately for new names, dropping in their favour talented individuals whom they may just have discovered and promoted.

Though the actual production of books increases from year to year (in 1958 over 30,000 titles, *i.e.*, some 125 million books), *belles lettres* account for an ever smaller percentage of the whole. The modern reader cares little, it would appear, for works of the imagination. He is attracted by documentary reportage, popular science, and other works of a mildly didactic nature.

The absence of a capital city, creating standards valid for all parts of the country, has had a serious effect on the work of many writers. An author may be much read in Munich and scarcely appreciated in Frankfurt or Hamburg. The loss in rapid succession of the Grand Old Men of an earlier generation – Thomas Mann, Bertolt Brecht, Gottfried Benn – has rendered our literary scene leaderless and thrown our critical values into confusion. The struggle for the empty thrones of the gods rages furiously. Each group, each movement is attempting to manoeuvre its favourites into the limelight.

It is, therefore, not easy for the free-lance writer in our country to keep his head above water. But the risk he took when he chose this profession is that which has always been associated with intellectual adventure. No doubt much could be done by the state and by public institutions to better the financial position of the writer, but we should call a halt at the point where the image of the 'official' – officially sanctioned and supported – writer looms up on the horizon.

Heinz Piontek

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METHUEN

Post-war German Poetry

'Meet Contemporary German Poetry,' says the specialist. 'How do you do,' mumbles the reader, and goes back to his cronies. Perhaps this is not to be wondered at. It seems to be the fate of German literature generally never to get beyond the stage of being introduced to this country; and there's the language barrier – more formidable than ever where much post-war verse is concerned – the near-impossibility of translating work so remote from the main trend of contemporary British poetry. And Contemporary German Poetry doesn't exist, only poems good, bad and indifferent. To rattle off the names of their makers, divide them up into age-groups, tendency groups, bright boys and backward boys merely perpetuates the introduction of a phantom. What, then, can one do? Outline the situation? But literary situations are another unreality, invented to evade the reality of poems; and the situation of German poetry has changed too fast since the war for anyone's capacity to respond to it, far less to report on it with authority.

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nothing has changed, the escape into the bustle of material reconstruction.

This new complacency in the old order is being attacked from all sides; in the prose works of poets like Wolfgang Weyrauch, Wolfdietrich Schnurre, Ingeborg Bachmann and Heinz Piontek, or of novelists and short-story writers like Hans Erich Nossack, Martin Walser, Heinz Huber or Klaus Röhler; in the radio plays of Günter Eich and Heinrich Böll, both masters of a matter-of-factness knife-edged with horror; and in the satirical verse of Hans Magnus Enzensberger. Though there are poets enough who remain content to work 'abstract' posies for the lapels of culture snobs, since the death of Brecht it is mainly the West German writers who have taken over his role. Their premisses, of course, are more often religious or existential than economic; but Brecht's premisses, too, are not wholly reducible to the class war. How independent a poet he was can be seen by comparing his later work with the rousing banalities of a regular Party laureate, the late J. R. Becher. Diametrically opposed though it is to the prevalent hermeticism of the West, even Brecht's intensification of plain speech is being successfully adapted there; and Brecht's plain statements could be as cunningly cryptic as any hermeticist's idiom as soon as he turned from public to private matters.

What Brecht shared with his contemporaries in the West was a dilemma that has received little attention; but its relevance to the dilemma of an *avant-garde* that doesn't believe in the notion of progress implied by the very term will become increasingly clear. Everyone wants to make progress; the problem now is to discover which route, if any, doesn't lead back to the place where one least wants to go. If something of Brecht's directness – or Apollinaire's – is being recaptured by some of the West German poets, others no less gifted, and no less committed either in their fashion, have become increasingly elliptic, as if still conscious of gaps and gulfs not to be bridged by words. Paul Celan, a refugee from Nazism whose style was formed in France, as Erich Fried's was in England, draws on a vocabulary partly archaic and recondite; his recent third collection is more elusive, more dependent on hiatuses and intervals, than his earlier work. Erich Fried, on the other hand, has largely abandoned his pursuit of verbal affinities in favour of a more rigorous ingenuity. Heinz Piontek's third collection contains a long poem close in syntax, diction and rhetoric, though not in mood, to an earlier convention of religious verse.

But names are being rattled off, and omitted, divisions made, judgments and preferences implied. Surveys of this kind call for a god or a machine and, whatever critics may think, they are neither. Little has been said of the old or middle generations, of the very young or the more traditional poets of any age-group; even less of distinct developments in East Germany or Austria. Worst of all, the situation has left no space for poems. So readers must begin where my survey ends.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

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The West German Novel

My review is confined to the West German novel. In the East, Anna Seghers has written very little, Arnold Zweig little of significance, while the younger writers like Erwin Strittmatter, do what is officially prescribed. There is no Brecht of the novel, though Brecht wrote novels. Plivier, the author of *Stalingrad* (1946), later left the East. My concern is mainly the younger literary generation of the West. It is a very new generation, for the collapse of Hitler meant as sharp a break in literature as in politics.

One can read very few of the 1,500 or so new novels published annually. One's choice is aided by serious critics and popularity, but a review of best-sellers is as funereal as that of the Books of the Month, which often are books of the month only. Even if one confined oneself to best-sellers, it would be hazardous to draw conclusions about the German outlook today, for they are read by relatively few people, and one does not even know *how* they read them. Hans Helmut Kirst's Gunner Asch novels (1955 –), a popular series strangely over-rated in England, are certainly anti-Nazi, but it might predominantly promote a feeling of powerlessness against the recurrence of Nazism, or induce sympathy for misguided Nazis, or admiration for the decent soldiers who outwit bullies and go-getters, or confirm pride in German war-craft, and so on. Many of its admirers no doubt enjoyed too, as self-justification, Ernst von Salomon's personal story, *Der Fragebogen* (1951), a wily mockery of the Occupation, or Skorzeny's memoir of military exploits. However, there is also no doubt that the novels I mention express and confirm more general trends of outlook, even if their social significance cannot be accurately estimated.

Among them are works of considerable artistic merit, and if one is necessarily particularly interested in them as sociological evidence, one is also concerned with their literary quality. But the conflict between the sociological and aesthetic criterion is perhaps more apparent than real. Artistic quality is closely related to integrity and thoughtful reflection. The weight and violence of public experience in the Nazi period was such that all serious writers must bear witness to it, and most do so directly. They are, of course, not the 'ordinary man' grown articulate. By the mere profession of writing the novelists join a special social grouping, and they tell us most about this group, the intelligentsia, more concerned with morals and values than most, peculiarly sensitive to the shocks of recent history. They are actually less self-conscious of themselves as a group than, say, after the First World War. There is no dominant cultural centre, and no dominant style. Even the 'Gruppe 1947,' which holds literary conferences, expressly has no programme. The *Gleichschaltung* of the past no less than the confusions of the present have created a deep distrust of conformism.

Immediately after the war there was a flood of publications of banned and unknown authors, Mann, Broch, Musil, Kafka, and of foreign writers, Joyce, Hemingway, Faulkner, Camus, etc. All these have left traces, Kafka and the Americans above all. The most significant new German novels interpreted a time of destruction and dislocation. Hermann Kasack's *Die Stadt hinter dem Strom* (1947) gives the bitter taste of wholesale death and bewilderment; Elisabeth Langgässer's *Das unauslöschliche Siegel* (1946) is a somewhat hysterical and sensationalist account of an evil world from which the hero is saved by religious conversion and penitential acceptance of suffering. In Germany, religion is decidedly 'in', as Graham Greene put it, and it is refreshing to find Heinrich Böll, himself a catholic, nosing out those people who are exploiting religion as a means of self-rehabilitation (notably in *Haus ohne Hüter*).

From about 1949 (the currency reform!) German novelists seem to have been able to take stock of the situation and review Nazism in perspective (if Germans in general are charged with amnesia, the novelists must be exculpated). Almost without exception, serious novelists condemn the Nazi. There have been a number of attempts to show symbolically the conquest of a people by a dictatorship, but these lack the massiveness of the real thing, and even suggest an evasion of the bitter reality. Thus Stefan Andres's account of the rise of an imaginary dictator in *Die Sintflut* (1949-51), and Kasack's *Das grosse Netz* (1952). Ernst Jünger's *Heliopolis* (1949), an elaborate allegory of the ultimate challenge of totalitarianism, looks beyond any specific German experience, but the symbolic method likewise dehumanises and devitalises real experience, while the romantic mysticism of Jünger's dedicated élite is remote and fatalistic like the attitude of anti-Nazi generals during the war (Jünger's journals, *Strahlungen*, 1949, and *Jahre der Okkupation*, 1958, are far more alive and weighty). In the vein of Orwell, Walter Jens in *Nein* (1950) describes a future totalitarian world in which the hero chooses death rather than office. He repeats some of the themes of *1984*, but shows far less social and psychological insight, and a Kafka-like helplessness replaces Orwell's aggressive vigour. In moving from the realistic to the symbolical plane, these authors fail to show how totalitarianism responded to the needs and longings of many different sorts of people.

The greatest number of novels deal directly with recent German experience. One of the most comprehensive is Bernt von Heiseler's best seller, *Die Versöhnung* (1953), a book of small literary distinction which is in my view representative of a wide section of opinion. It shows the impact of events on a typical upper-middle-class family from the First World War to the end of the Second, and is essentially an apologia for the decent, patriotic, idealistic Germans misled by Hitler. The past is not forgotten, but remembered in a form acceptable to the more conservative, religious-minded bourgeoisie – *e.g.*, Nazi

atrocities are not ignored, but are not so dreadful as those of Russians or Czechs. It affirms a new self-confidence in respect to the Western as well as Eastern peoples.

Artistically more successful are novels that have a narrower scope.

Sansibar (1957), by Alfred Andersch, a former communist, is of rare quality. It is set in 1937. Two Communists, an official and a fisherman, break away from the Party and its impersonal objectives, and act against the Nazis as their consciences demand, with the simple ambition 'to do what was right'. The psychology is deft and the action thrilling, marred only by a sensationalist ending.

Innumerable novels recount real or imaginary incidents of the war. But while memoirs of actual exploits, like Skorzeny's, are unexceptionable, German novels that merely tell of warlike prowess seem false and often vulgar – an example is Willi Heinrich's *Das geduldige Fleisch* (1955). The better writers know that the very centre of the war-experience lies in the fact that it was a Nazi war. This consciousness overshadows for instance the personal story of Peter Bamm, a medical officer on the Eastern front (*Die unsichtbare Flagge*, 1952), though even here, in spite of the repudiation of the Nazis as 'the others', there is a troubling idealisation of the army and obtuseness about the Russians. One of the most accomplished novels is Gerd Gaiser's *Die sterbende Jagd* (1953), which describes the disintegration of a fighter squadron in the later period of the war, devoted fighters who are reduced to despair by a Supreme Command that disqualifies their achievements and their loyalty. More outspokenly political is Hans Werner Richter's *Die Geschlagenen* (1949), the theme of which is the reckless inhumanity of the German command in Italy, then the Nazi terror in the American prison camp (Richter is a prominent member of the German movement against nuclear warfare). More impressive as a work of art is Albrecht Goes's short story, *Unruhige Nacht* (1950), in which an army chaplain (Goes is himself a clergyman) has to give the last comfort to a condemned deserter. Soberly and impressively the story brings out the inhumanity of this war, this army, this Nazi Germany, which infects everyone, even those who detest it. Heinrich Böll shows even more relentlessly how the Nazi system and war have perverted humane values (*Der Zug war pünktlich*, 1949, *Wo warst du Adam*, 1951). War is here devastation, brutality, chicanery; not an adventure, but 'an adventure-substitute'. Even kindness and goodness are tainted: a Hungarian Jewess tells a soldier who falls in love with her, 'The Germans are like wolves who any moment can start talking about love'.

Among the better novels that deal with the post-war scene there is a sharp revulsion against the materialism of the new prosperity. Walter Köppen slashes angrily and somewhat indiscriminately at the recrudescence of the old authorities and values (*Das Treibhaus*, 1953, *Der Tod in Rom*, 1954). Among some, disillusion has led to a feeling of isolation and alienation. Hans Erich Nossack's *Spätestens im November* (1955) and *Der jüngere Bruder* (1958) both delineate a revolt against the conventional values of business and bourgeois homes, a revolt that leads to absolute isolation and disengagement – Nossack is a gifted sometimes brilliant writer. Gaiser's *Schlussball* (1958) has a similar theme. It describes the failure of a schoolmaster, who brings from the army an ideal of a true community, to overcome the materialism and social snobbery of his pupils. Like Böll, these authors are peculiarly concerned with the determination of Germans to forget the past. Often writing through the medium of a fictitious narrator or in a stream-of-consciousness technique, they succeed in giving the illusion of real people and a real, contemporary Germany.

Böll is I think the most successful of all in creating this illusion, and his work has considerable moral as well as a æsthetic value. He is a catholic, but in the novels religion is justified for him above all as the foundation of decent living (a German critic charged him with being a sort of Anglo-Saxon puritan, though there is no prudishness in him). He has a sharp eye for hypocrisy and heartlessness, and is one of the most outspoken satirists of the day, but he manages to combine this with sympathy and a rare humour. He neither flaunts indignation, nor lapses into isolation, nor proposes social reforms, but tries modestly to suggest how personal relations, above all in the family, may be made healthy (*Unde sagte kein einziges Wort*, 1953). Charac-

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teristically, his last novel, *Haus ohne Hüter* (1954), centres on two eleven-year-old lads, both of whose fathers have been killed in the war. Among other questions the book subtly presents is, how are the boys both to remember the past, the Nazis and the war, and not to be oppressed by it. Böll is that comparatively rare phenomenon, a German writer who is profoundly interested in people for their own sakes, not for his own, nor for the sake of an idea. I hope his great popularity and virtuosity as a writer of radio sketches will not keep him from the novel.

ROY PASCAL

Two Hundred Theatres

DEVOTEES of the theatre in other countries may well think the German theatre singularly favoured. Theatre in this country is no mere metropolitan cult; nor is it restricted even to the capital cities of the various *Länder*. Practically every medium-sized town has its own playhouse with a varied repertory. And there are in all about two hundred theatres up and down the country.

These theatres are attended – fantastic as it may seem – by some thirty million people a year. And Germans do not traditionally go to the theatre only for the sake of amusement, to 'have a night out'. They doubtless go for these reasons. But ever since Schiller first proclaimed the stage a 'moral institution' the average German has gone to the theatre in a spirit of devotion and expectation – as if he were taking part in a church service, or visiting a museum, or attending evening classes at an Adult Education Centre.

The average German wants 'to get something out of' his visit to the theatre, and the authorities tend to encourage him in this. Light comedy, particularly of the more frivolous kind, and mere fun for the sake of fun have never counted for much here anyway. Nor have German playwrights ever excelled in this field. The authors who have been taken seriously have been those who – from Lessing to Brecht – have offered new insights, or pointed new morals: who have, in fact, paid their tribute to the almost religious veneration in which most Germans hold their theatre.

This alone can explain the readiness of local authorities to subsidise their theatres. Ratepayers do not complain about the millions of marks invested in local theatres each year from public funds. We subsidise our schools and libraries, they say, our public parks and public baths. should we not equally subsidise our theatres – the repositories of our national tradition in poetry and the arts? Nobody in Germany would question such fiscal logic, whether he actually goes to the theatre himself or not.

Almost all these two hundred theatres work on a repertory basis, the companies being engaged for at least one year. And since between twenty and thirty productions are put on every season, the dozen or so actors belonging to that theatre for the contracted period may have to take on a great variety of parts. In a single year the resident of, say, Constance or Essen can expect to see plays by Schiller, Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, Zuckmayer, Ibsen, Hauptmann, Sternheim, Dürrenmatt, Eliot, Ionesco, Brecht, Osborne, Williams, Frisch, Behan, Sartre and Genet. And perhaps his municipal theatre may even unbend so far as to put on *Kiss Me Kate* or a satirical piece by Kurt Goetz or Bernard Shaw.

This enables young people to make the acquaintance not only of the classics of world theatre but of the international *avant-garde* in an amazingly short period of time. The municipal playhouses play their Kleist, their Shakespeare, their Lessing year in, year out with unremitting – albeit subsidised – enthusiasm. Yet plays such as Beckett's *Godot* and *Endgame* are not less well known in Darmstadt or Gelsenkirchen than in Berlin itself. Young people, while still at school, will have been sent to see performances of the classics at specially reduced prices – often no more than two marks a head (about 3s. 4d.). Even if they go under their own steam they will find prices ranging from two to at the most twelve marks (£1). And, if they are sensible, they will join one of the many 'theatre clubs' and get their tickets at half price.

Our theatre is not a feudal survival nor the preserve of a privileged class. It is a genuinely popular, truly national institution, a network extending from the North of Germany to the smallest small town in the South. To foreigners, Germany may well appear a theatrical paradise.

Furthermore, television has not succeeded in quenching the thirst for live theatre; the number of theatre-goers is actually on the increase. If German theatre managers have any worries they are certainly not about box-office returns. Quite the reverse: their headache is how to satisfy the demand for tickets, and they are continually badgering the authorities for new, bigger, and better theatres. Nor are these theatre managers (*Intendanten*), who are usually appointed for periods of between three and five years, subject to any kind of censorship; they have absolute freedom to put on whatever they consider worth while.

Such exceptionally favourable economic circumstances have prevented the growth of the 'star system', so harmful to a living theatre. We have our knights of the stage, too, our Ernst Deutsch, Martin Held, Heinz Reincke, Hermine Körner, Werner Krauss and the rest. But they are all *ensemble* players. There is, thus, no danger of actors becoming stale as the result of a long run. And the range of acting experience is so wide that almost every actor can – if he has the ability – in his time play both Hamlet and Lear.

But the disadvantages of a subsidised theatre of this kind are becoming obvious: people are no longer inclined to take risks. With this degree of security a theatre no longer needs to take the wishes of its public into account. The element of risk is eliminated from theatrical work altogether, a stimulus that has often proved valuable in professions with less so-called 'security'. The *Volksbühne*, for instance, a theatre club with 120,000 members in Berlin alone, can guarantee a full house evening after evening – irrespective, of course, of the merits of the play.

This absence of risk is rapidly turning our theatres into bureaucratic institutions. There is less and less competition. No longer does every production have to face triumph or disaster. Even a total flop may stay its course of between twenty or thirty performances until it is taken off to make room for the next production. Many true friends of the theatre are beginning to ask whether security of this kind is not bound to tempt managers to forgo experiment and settle for complacency.

And they are worried by something else too: Germany lacks the playwrights to keep so large a number of theatres supplied with new plays. Managers continue to draw on the proven successes of the era of Ibsen, Hauptmann, and Georg Kaiser. And with almost perverse eagerness they run after every sensation that Paris, London, New York or Milan may have to offer. But our native writers make almost no contribution.

A few names do appear on the bills from time to time: Zuckmayer, Brecht, Simmel, Frisch, and Dürrenmatt. But Frisch and Dürrenmatt are Swiss, and Brecht tends to be thought of in the Federal Republic as a classic of the now somewhat *démodé* Twenties. Despite the opportunities, there is an amazing dearth of new talent. So that we are faced at last with a melancholy paradox. We possess two hundred well-run and excellently attended theatres, we possess something approaching a genuinely popular theatre, but the engine is, as it were, lacking: we have no plays by contemporary authors.

In a nutshell. We are free to put on any play we like, anywhere. But the dramatist of our time and of our language has still to be found. Thirty million theatre-goers in search of an author!

FRIEDRICH LUFT

German-Swiss Writing

FOR at least two centuries German intellectuals have tended to regard East Switzerland as an arcadian adjunct to the German cultural scene. But during the present century it has become more and more clear to the German-Swiss who live there, that East Switzerland enshrines a strictly Swiss and not a German ethos. Attempts to define this Swissness often betray the Swiss awareness of being culturally and economically committed to the rest of Europe. But such committedness does not preclude difference. That certain radical differences do divide Germans and German-Swiss, not only in political behaviour but also in daily life and in the arts, was shown very decisively two years ago by Karl Schmid, in an essay in his *Aufsätze und Reden*. The German may not be fully conscious of such distinctions, but it cannot escape him that some justice underlies the animosities surging to and fro across the frontier with cries of *Sauschwab* and *Kuhschweizer*.

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If the German does think of a culturally separate East Switzerland, he assumes at least four things. The Swiss had no war, so have no trauma. They are not megalopolitans, so still inhabit an intelligible world. The German-Swiss writer speaks dialect, and is insulated by his dialect from past and present German abuses of language. And perhaps because it is a polyglot country, Switzerland breeds writers who cultivate real singularity of style. German-Swiss writers might well answer as follows: no war – no Night of the Knock to explode our complacencies; no cyclopean cities – no bravado in our living either; our best stylists have always served their apprenticeships in Germany – our German is otherwise 50 years behind the times; and think how hard it is for our books to break out of the small home market and arrive in Germany – which is what matters.

Another contrast: the value-hungry German turns towards Arcady and hears no shepherd pipings but the *atque egos* of the terrible Dürrenmatt and Frisch expounding death. The German may see – and envy – in Switzerland unbroken traditions, hard currency, intelligible proportions. Max Frisch and Friedrich Dürrenmatt see glum indifference, a stampede for security, the antics of the least exuberant society in Europe. If there is one factor common today to most German-Swiss writing which has any claim to novelty, it is indeed anxiety in the face of a world that has got out of hand. As the most articulate spokesmen of this anxiety, Frisch and Dürrenmatt have transferred to a new plane the previous generation's revolt against the idyllic fallacy (still a stultifying influence in Swiss writing). And the penetration of their writings has, at least for the time, broken down the German assumption that the literature of the arcadian adjunct is provincial, as well as the English assumption that any writer working in German must be a German. One symptom of this change which has affected literary relations since the war is the success of Dürrenmatt's tragi-comedy *Der Besuch der alten Dame* (1956) in Paris and – as *The Visit* – on Broadway. Another symptom is the lively response of German readers to the recent novels of Max Frisch, *Stiller* (1955 – translated as *I'm not Stiller*) and *Homo Faber* (1957).

Perhaps Frisch and Dürrenmatt are better known outside Switzerland than any other living Swiss writers because of their analysis of a common predicament: the predicament of any society in which function suppresses being. With formidable zest they expose the nerves of characters, peel away the laminations of habit, selfhood and the mock-security of function and finally present them in the isolation of freedom. But these two writers differ sharply in temperament, even if they do share certain attitudes and techniques. Frisch has much of the self-absorbed disposition, with its sentimental streak and its weakness for the histrionic, shown by the late nineteenth-century *zürichois* C. F. Meyer. But Dürrenmatt is absorbed in things, a man given to understatements, who sees plain and in the round, for all his immersion in the fantastic and the grotesque. Something of this contrast between these respectively saturnine and jovial disenchanters shows in their recent theatre, Frisch's farce, *Die grosse Wut des Phillip Hotz* (1958), and Dürrenmatt's morality-opera, *Frank V. Oper einer Privatbank*, which was performed in Zürich earlier this year (with music by Paul Burckhard). But the production last Spring in Berne of Herbert Meier's second play, *Jonas und der Nerz*, indicates that the new indigenous theatre has other exponents than Frisch and Dürrenmatt, and exponents with other leanings. For Meier (b. 1928) is a poet as well (*Siebengestirn*, 1956) and has translated Georges Schéhadé. Closer inspection shows that the arcadian shade is bristling with such unknown figures.

German-Swiss verse today, like German verse, often betrays a nullifying lack of solid criteria, technical as well as intellectual. This is its weakness, and, to a great extent, its theme. The poems of Albin Zollinger (1895-1941) and the even less familiar Adrien Turel (1890-1957), often have a rare beauty of concentration, but even Zollinger's work has established no criterion. Werner Zemp (b. 1906) is the one living elder craftsman with complete authenticity; but the problem remains, for Zemp's themes are limited (he is a nature poet) and his forms are traditional, and younger poets hardly think of him as being one of them. However, there are exceptions, young poets who belong in the Zollinger-Zemp ambience – Arthur Häny for instance, now in his thirties, and two younger women poets, Silja Walter and Erika Burckart. They show that the traditionalist idiom is not exhausted, despite the agitations of experimentalists.

Two older poets, Erwin Jaeckle and Urs Martin Strub, reveal some of the dangers to which experimentalists are exposed. Both are urbane professional men, but as poets they are *bouvardiste* virtuosos with derived techniques (Jaeckle often echoes Benn), who are exploiting rather than colonising the realms thrown open by Expressionism. Rainer Brambach (b. 1917) is quite different. He is not a schoolmaster, as many Swiss poets are, but (at the moment) a gardener; and his work has a pungent truculence and also something of Robert Frost's power to evoke archetypes 'When the dove carried the olive branch/ the rift in the hill was irrelevant/and the water clear'.

One poet highly regarded by traditionalists and experimentalists alike is A. X. Gwerder, who killed himself at the age of 29 in 1952. There is little of his work in print (two books of verse, one of prose), but it has encouraged verbal adventure among younger poets. Kuno Raeber (b. 1922) is also something of an innovator, and his poems have appeared, like Strub's and Brambach's, in Germany. Raeber, as a neo-surrealist, has not the lover pose of Krolow, nor the wizard pose of Celan (the two leading German exponents of poetry as absolute fiction). But, like theirs, his poems, though they cling to the apparently familiar, show an alienated vision of things, vacillating in mood between wonder and suspicion. The highly mannered chiaroscuro of his work is typical of the world presented in modern German-Swiss verse, a world in which nothing is self-evident any more. The experiments of Eugen Gomringer (b. 1925) are not intelligible apart from this context: 'from the edge/inwards/within/to the centre/from the midpoint/of the centre/outwards/to the edge'. As abstract verse (it is a complete poem) this could be the *reductio ad absurdum* of pointillism; but on some people it has an effect like that of Arp's ageometric sculptures: things dawn solid out of obliquity. Two new anthologies, *Ensemble* (Berne, Benteli Verlag) and *Junge Schweizer Lyrik* (Stierstadt, Verlag Eremiten-Presse), show something of the extent to which traditionalist and experimental verse exist side by side. The bi-monthly *Hortulus*, edited by H. R. Hilty, another poet in his thirties, is the one regular organ of the experimentalists. Provincial as it may sometimes seem, it has recently included translations from Elytis and Alberti. It is not so easy to pinpoint the position of the neo-dadaist periodical *Panderma*, which is now just one year old. But, like *Hortulus*, it makes one ask the question which the next five years may resolve: is German-Swiss poetry in a

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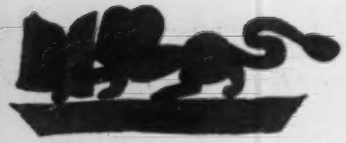

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JONATHAN CAPE

crucial laboratory phase, or is it to become a charnel-house for dead movements?

German-Swiss fiction is in a less fluid state than verse, at least on the surface. H. A. Moser's *Vineta* (1955) and Markus Kutter's *Schiff nach Europa* (1957) are two recent experimental novels. Moser (b. 1881) is not widely known: but he is a small master of dispassionate satire. *Vineta*, a panoramic anti-Utopia, overtaxes his natural gifts, but it has a nervous quality which typifies the doubts fundamental to writing today, as contrasted with the certitudes of earlier novels on this scale. Kutter, being a much younger and unknown writer, had to raise subscriptions for his book; eccentricity simply cannot pay its own way with such a small German-reading public. In any case, the real revolution is taking place less ostentatiously, under the impact of the modern American novel on post-war German fiction as a whole. Graphic and fast-moving narrative and depth of situation are all-important here. This is true of Frisch's last two novels, and more recently of Dürrenmatt's lightning anti-thriller, *Das Versprechen* (1958; translated as *The Pledge*). That the florid metaphysics of older fiction are being supplanted by far more economical techniques of imagism and symbolism is shown also by Franz Fassbind's *Valentin* (1958), a subtle analysis of a child's mind and, among recent novels, probably the most pure as a work of art. *Valentin* is in the miniaturist tradition which has become, in the hands of Robert Walser (1878-1956) and Regina Ullman (b. 1884), a highly developed form in Switzerland. The acid *weltanschaulich* fiction of Moser and Frisch by no means represents the whole gamut of German-Swiss prose today. The writings of Adrien Turel, whose posthumous novel *Die zwölf Monate des Doktor Ludwig Stulter* was printed privately in Zürich last year, and of the most attractive stylist Fritz Meyer (b. 1914), also, with reservations, a miniaturist, show that the true picture is much more complex. This needs to be remembered at a time when it might seem that the novel, till now considered the main imaginative form in German-Swiss literature, was being superseded by the formerly less energetic theatre.

CHRISTOPHER MIDDLETON

Who's Who

BERTOLT BRECHT	*Born* 1898, *died* 1956. *Playwright and poet. An edition of his plays in English is in preparation. Only a fraction of his lyrical and didactic poetry has been published; a three-volume edition of this has been announced by his West German publisher, an exhaustive critical edition is being undertaken in East Germany. The poem translated here was published posthumously.*
PAUL CELAN	*Born* 1920 *at Czernowitz, Bukovina. Refugee from the Nazis, who exterminated most of the small Jewish population there. Lives in Paris, has published three collections of poems, also translations, mainly from French and Russian.*
HANS MAGNUS ENZENSBERGER	*Born* 1929 *in Bavaria. Served in the Volkssturm at the age of* 15*; then, as he writes, 'black market and matriculation.' Studied at various German universities and at the Sorbonne. Worked on the radio for a time; visited USA; now lives in Sweden. Has published one book of poems, and essays and translations in periodicals.*
MICHAEL HAMBURGER	*Born* 1924. *Lecturer in German at Reading University. Has published three collections of poems, several of translations and a critical book,* Reason and Energy. *At present he is writing a book on Hofmannsthal and editing a selection of his poems and plays in English translation; recently awarded a Bollingen Foundation Fellowship.*
KARL AUGUST HORST	*Born* 1913 *at Darmstadt; now lives in Munich. Worked under Professor Ernst Robert Curtius at Bonn University* 1945-8*; freelance since then; writes chiefly for the periodical* Merkur. *Has published a novel,* Zero, *short stories, critical essays, and translations from the French and Spanish.*
FRIEDRICH JOHN LUFT	*Born* 1911. *Started work as theatre and film critic in* 1932, *stopped by Nazi anti-critic laws in* 1935. 1939-45, *Wehrmacht.* 1945-55, *theatre and film critic for* Die Neue Zeitung, *since then theatre critic for* Die Welt, *Berlin. Contributes weekly programme of criticism to Berlin Radio. Goes every year to Edinburgh Festival, 'where my mother, by the way, came from and where she returned at the beginning of the last war.'*
JOHN MANDER	*Born* 1932. *At Cambridge 'wrote too much verse; studied too little medicine.' Went to Munich in* 1954, *moved to West Berlin in* 1955 *where he met his wife and settled for three years, teaching English. Has written poems, mostly about Middle Europe; recently published a book on Berlin,* The Eagle and the Bear, *and has translated stories by Klaus Roehler, to be published soon.*
CHRISTOPHER MIDDLETON	*Born* 1926. *Lecturer in German at King's College, London. Has published poems, articles and translations in various magazines, and is editing, with Michael Hamburger, a book of translations of German poetry.*
HANS ERICH NOSSACK	*Born* 1901 *in Hamburg, the milieu of much of his writing. His works, novels, plays and poems began to appear only after* 1945. *Has appeared in French translation, through Sartre's mediation. His most recent novels are* Spirale *and* Der jüngere Bruder.
ROY PASCAL	*Born* 1904. *Since* 1939, *Professor of German at Birmingham. Publications include* The Nazi Dictatorship (1934), The Growth of Modern Germany (1946), The German Sturm und Drang (1953), The German Novel (1956).
HEINZ PIONTEK	*Born* 1925 *in Upper Silesia. Fought in France and on Eastern Front. Post-war refugee from East Germany and now lives at Dillingen on the Danube. Has published three collections of poems, one of short stories, and one of essays; and has written a number of scripts for the radio.*

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Kosmos, of Manhattan the Son

It has taken four years for Professor Gay Wilson Allen's monumental biography*, the fruit of a quarter of a century's study of Whitman, to reach this country; in America it appeared in 1955, in time for the centenary of *Leaves of Grass*. It seems clear now that, after years of neglect and even repudiation, Whitman is back. His return was heralded, perhaps, by Mr Randall Jarrell's essay 'Some Lines from Whitman', in which the critic showed, by the simple expedient of quoting the poet for his poetic content and letting the philosophy look after itself, that whatever else Whitman might not be he was certainly a great poet. Mr Richard Chase's *Walt Whitman Reconsidered* followed in 1955. And now it appears from a recent article that even Mr Marius Bewley is prepared to think better of Whitman than he has done in the past. Yet difficulties remain, and they are not entirely due to our subservience to the tyrannies of current literary fashion. 'Ain't he the damnedest simulacrum?' Whitman said of Swinburne. The trouble is, Whitman was often pretty much a simulacrum himself. Obviously Gerard Manley Hopkins, when he described him as 'a very great scoundrel', wasn't implying that Whitman was a crook: merely that he was neither an Oxford man, a Catholic nor a Tory. But there are times when the Good Gray Poet seems just a holy old faker, a phoney with a Father-Christmas beard. It is the sense of this, more than anything else perhaps, that has prevented Whitman from ever having been accepted wholeheartedly and universally as a great poet.

But ought it to matter? After all, many poets have had feet of clay, and we think none the less of their work because of it. Unfortunately, Whitman himself inextricably confused his poetry with his personality. As he said himself,

> I found myself remaining possess'd, at the age of thirty-one to thirty-three, with a special desire and conviction. . . . This was a feeling or ambition to articulate and faithfully express in literary or poetic form, and uncompromisingly, my own physical, emotional, moral, intellectual, and aesthetic Personality, in the midst of, and tallying, the momentous spirit and facts of its immediate days, and of current America – and to exploit that Personality, identified with place and date, in a far more candid and comprehensive sense than any hitherto poem or book.

As soon as we begin to read Whitman, we are thrown back, whether we like it or not, on to the poet's life; and we are thrown back by the poet himself. As Professor Allen's biography shows, his life was a succession of evasions, concealments and ambiguities. And in his work he remains enigmatic, for all that no poet has been more lavish than he in his use of the first person singular. We get far more hard facts about Wordsworth's life, career and personality from *The Prelude* than we do about Whitman's from all his collected poems. And at the same time, we know that it was Whitman's aim always to break down the distinctions between himself as man and himself as poet.

And of course it didn't work. It merely made confusion greater. It is impossible to get far with *Leaves of Grass* which, if not his greatest poem – surely that is 'When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd' – is at least central to his work, without one's having to come to some sort of decision about the identity of the Walt Whitman Whitman is celebrating in it:

> Walt Whitman, a Kosmos, of Manhattan the son,
> Turbulent, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking and breeding,
> No sentimentalist, no stander above men and women or apart from them,
> No more modest than immodest . . .

If that Walt Whitman is the actual Walt Whitman who edited the Brooklyn *Eagle* and rode the Brooklyn ferry, then one can only say that he is a very unpleasant and impertinent fellow, with his narcissism ('I dote on myself, there is that lot of me and all so luscious'), exhibitionism and voyeurism, his inability to know whether he is male or female and his readiness to become either at a moment's notice, his eagerness to adopt the role of Christ, his constant craving to merge into someone else (as Lawrence wrote in his essay on Whitman, which is at once superb comic writing and magnificent literary criticism, 'If he knew that an Eskimo sat in a kyak, immediately there was Walt being little and yellow and greasy, sitting in a kyak'), above all, perhaps, his bullying insistence that he is going to love us, by force if necessary, and his demands for our love in return (and sometimes, it seems, he got it: there are few more comic episodes in literary history than the wooing of Walt across 3,000 miles of sea by Mrs Anne Gilchrist, widow of Alexander Gilchrist who wrote the life of Blake, who appears to have taken *Leaves of Grass* as a love-letter addressed personally to her; she proposed marriage to the poet, which was all right so long as she remained in England but very disconcerting when she turned up with her children in Philadelphia).

'This awful Whitman', in fact, as Lawrence said. Yet, when all the faults of taste have been gone over and criticism has done its worst, *Leaves of Grass* remains a great poem. And the clue to its greatness and to the kind of poem it is probably lies in the line 'I was the man, I suffer'd, I was there'. If one were to come to that line after reading later poetry surely more than anything else it would recall Eliot's

> And I Tiresias have foresuffered all
> Enacted on this same divan or bed;
> I who have sat by Thebes below the wall
> And walked among the lowest of the dead.

In his notes to *The Waste Land*, Eliot writes: 'Tiresias, although a mere spectator and not indeed a "character", is yet the most important personage in the poem, uniting all the rest. Just as the one-eyed merchant, seller of currants, melts into the Phoenician Sailor, and the latter is not wholly distinct from Ferdinand Prince of Naples, so all the women are one woman, and the two sexes meet in Tiresias'. *Song of Myself* is much less dramatised a poem than *The Waste Land*; in structure it more closely resembles a film or a radio script; but the Walt Whitman of the poem plays the part of Tiresias in Eliot's poem; he is, in fact, a Tiresias figure, the soothsayer who has been both man and woman, who can foretell the future, and who has been granted near-immortality. He is not the historical Whitman, writing the anonymous rave-notices of his own poems, at all.

Once the old Kosmos, of Manhattan the son, is seen in these terms, *Song of Myself* becomes assimilable and acceptable, and most of the criticisms normally made of it fall away. The function of Whitman-Tiresias is exactly that of Eliot's Tiresias: to be, in Professor Gay Wilson Allen's phrase, a time-binder. On the face of it, no two poets could have less in common than Eliot and Whitman, about whom Eliot in his time has expressed himself snootily enough; while his famous dictum that poetry is 'not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality', might have been phrased with direct reference to the nineteenth-century poet. Yet, so far as such categories are important, *Song of Myself* and *The Waste Land* are poems of a kind. The differences between them are glaring but can be over-stated, for in part they are differences stemming from differences in temperament and education and in the times at which the poems were composed: Whitman, like Emerson, was a spokesman of that nineteenth-century American liberal optimism Eliot reacted against so vigorously; and we might expect to find in Eliot, too, the traditional Boston repugnance to the self-proclaimed 'rough' with his 'barbaric yawp'. But what the two poems share is at least as striking as their differences. Both are attempts to seize and recapitulate history in an eternal present, as *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* are, too; though Whitman is here more ambitious than Eliot, taking in, as he does, the whole dark backward and abysm of geological time –

> For it the nebula cohered to an orb,
> The long slow strata piled to rest it on,
> Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,
> Monstrous sauroids transported it to their mouths and deposited it with care –

and penetrating to the bounds of astronomical space:

> I visit the orchards of spheres and look at the product,
> And look at quintillions ripen'd and look at quintillions green.

Both are poems of the modern city, Whitman's partly so at any rate. Technically, both proceed by what Richards, writing of the early Eliot, called a 'music of ideas':

> The ideas are of all kinds, abstract and concrete, general and particular, and, like the musician's phrases, they are arranged, not that they may tell us something, but that their effects in us may combine into a coherent whole of feeling and attitude and produce a peculiar liberation of the will. They are there to be responded to, not to be pondered or worked out.

Perhaps the best summing-up of them is that the one is as ineradicably of the nineteenth century as the other is obstinately of the twentieth;

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* *The Solitary Singer.* By Gay Wilson Allen. *Calder.* 21s.

but the juxtaposition indicates how firmly rooted in American poetry Eliot's own work is. Critics sometimes make great play with the alleged existence of two opposed traditions of American poetry, that of Poe and that of Whitman. It is doubtful whether there is much in it. For Lawrence, despite his scintillating tomahawk attack on him, Whitman was the one pioneer: 'After Whitman, nothing'. Right on his own terms, Lawrence was wrong on others. Ahead of Whitman were Pound and Eliot – and Joyce. They, more than the Sandburgs, the Wolfes, the Kerouacs and the practitioners of the Great American Novel, or even Hart Crane, are his true successors.

WALTER ALLEN

New Novels

Billy Liar. By KEITH WATERHOUSE. *Joseph.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Between Then and Now. By ALBA DE CESPEDES. *Cape.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Hard Sell. By DAVID DELMAN. *Jarrolds.* 15*s.*

Command the Morning. By PEARL S. BUCK. *Methuen.* 16*s.*

The Tower. By MARGUERITE STEEN. *Collins.* 15*s.*

Bleuler would have classed Mr Waterhouse's comic hero as a case of *Pseudologia fantastica.* The label covers a variety of types from swindlers and con-men to daydreamers and schizoids. They are very strange people, these pathological liars. You might expect the symptom to be part of some insidious degeneration of the character, but this is not always so. I know three cases of intermittent *Pseudologia fantastica* all of whom are neat, dapper, competent persons who lead tidy, successful lives. The most capable of them, also the most reliable and scrupulous, is the one who tells the biggest lies.

It seems that the condition can exist in isolation, like a tic or a perversion. If I had not known this I might have thought *Billy Liar,* the Yorkshire small-town undertaker's clerk whose misadventures, occupational and amorous, during 24 hectic hours, as his lies catch up with him, was not quite dotty enough to be consistent. In spite of some rather artificial-seeming intellectual's properties, such as his Guilt Chest – the trunk in which he keeps his passion pills for his girls, and the hundreds of calendars which he is supposed to have sent off for his firm – he just passes the test for an original character, though occurring in his improbable environment you need to think of him as a rare mutation. The affinity with Kingsley Amis's Jim, which several reviewers have stressed is, I think, only superficial, due to their similar predicaments and attitudes of self-mockery, all part of the same farcical genre. Mr Waterhouse has a remarkable gift for projecting himself under the skin of the modern adolescent. Billy's daydreams, with their amalgam of telly-formed consciousness and literary ideas and juke-box sex, and his dialogue, with its scriptwriter's wisecracks and puns, are contemporary right up to the minute. The small-town and family background is richly detailed. The writing is nice and tight. A lot of it is really funny. The characters of Billy's three girls with whom he gets into such dreadful troubles, the Witch, Liz, and Rita, are strikingly differentiated. Under the harsh surface of farce, there is a good deal of human sympathy.

Admirably translated from the Italian by Elizabeth Quigly, *Between Then and Now* is a short novel written with a disciplined, restrained intensity that makes its effect in depth. It has a circular shape like a well-constructed play. It is told by Irene, daughter of an old and grand Roman family who has gone all modern and rather *déclassée.* Whereas one of her sisters is a nun, and the other has made an impeccable marriage, she has become the mistress of Pietro, an intellectual literary man, and is herself a successful journalist. The agent who touches off the crisis in her life is her maid, Erminia, a young peasant girl; her giving notice causes Irene to indulge in a bout of personal reappraisal and reminiscence, going back to her work for the underground as a young girl during the war. The way in which such a simple domestic incident is made to link present and past, and illustrate the speed of contemporary social flux is formally most satisfying. The author has been compared with crashing ineptitude to Colette. Though her writing touch is light she is full of lofty ideals, like one of those noble souls that so delighted Stendhal when he first arrived in Italy.

American writers take the rat race in the rag trade seriously. *The Hard Sell* is a first novel about skulduggery and scantycraft in the lingerie business. It is told by honest George, a miscast executive whose brother Herb sticks at nothing to advance his career; not only does he lay down his wife for his boss but he loses on purpose at golf. It opens and closes at a week-end convention of women's underclothes salesmen, one of the most gruesome conceivable of commercial *Walpurgisnacht.* Sandwiched rather clumsily in between is a wedge of biography. It is written, despite a certain amount of absurdity, with obvious sincerity; you can learn quite a lot from it.

Here come the first of the autumnal wave of the best-selling women novelists, ever tireless, always ready to rush in. *Command the Morning* turns out to be a *vie romancée* of the atomic bomb. Mrs Buck has a distinct talent for popularising nuclear physics. She has obviously done a lot of very thorough mugging: 'Because, Mollie, the nucleus of uranium is not stable. It yields when a neutron attacks it. . . . A nuclear reactor, Mollie, is nothing more or less than a great big oven.' She even reconstructs the crucial interview between Roosevelt and Einstein, making Roosevelt give Einstein a rather gratuitous lesson in Chinese mystical philosophy. When it comes to her own characters, the head of the project, Burton Hall, his staff and their wives, and the beautiful, brilliant, unattached young woman physicist, she moves over to the woman's mag plane; but, though often unintentionally very funny, she remains readable and oddly informative.

Miss Steen has flouted her guardian angel's warning that modern art is a notorious novelist's trap. Tom Proctor who narrates *The Tower* is equally improbable as person and painter. So is his wife, Antonia, a writer who is hard pressed looking after their defective daughter, to whom she gives an overdose so that Tom shall not have to teach. So is the gallery that drops him like a hot brick, and so, above all, is the modern French master, a kind of Picasso-Cocteau, very remotely travestied, for whom he decorates a tower in the South of France. There are some embarrassing studio and bedroom scenes. Why the 'so-called Welfare State' should be blamed for the Proctors' misfortunes we are not told, but as we used to say at Boots Booklovers' Browsery, 'it's a rolling Steen that gathers no candy floss!'

MAURICE RICHARDSON

German Angles

England—Weg der Mitte. By HANS-OSKAR WILDE. *DVA, Stuttgart.*

Zwischen Bonn und London. By H. G. ALEXANDER. *Econ, Düsseldorf.*

Nicht Uebelnehmen, Bitte! By JOACHIM BESSER. *Econ, Düsseldorf.*

'What do *they* think of *us*?' Essentially, as Dr Besser points out in one of his most elegant essays, this is not an English but a German – or American – question. We do not care what impression England makes on them; it is the Germans and Americans who want to be loved by us and who are always so worried lest we are laughing at them behind their backs. Both peoples are divided into a majority who violently resent Britain's insular arrogance and a minority who accept it as justified by our superior way of life. American Anglophilia and German *Anglomanie* are both extremely unattractive attitudes, because they are rooted in snobbery. But the German form of the disease is worse because it is aggravated by one peculiar characteristic, which came to my notice when I was incarcerated with Germans at Woburn Abbey during the war. The genuine anti-Nazi very often combined an indiscriminate passion for British freedom with an equally indiscriminate hatred of his fellow Germans; and the 'inner exiles', the anti-Nazis who stayed in their country throughout the war often shared this feeling.

Of this *Anglomanie* we have a ludicrous example from the pen of a certain Hans-Oskar Wilde. *England – The Middle Way* consists of 540 huge pages of *kulturgeschichtliche* rhapsody on the British way of life, with a complete apparatus of notes and appendices attached. After

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'Fascinating.' CYRIL CONNOLLY, *Sunday Times.*

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showing how the British genius for moderation and balance emerged first in the 1688 Revolution and then in the Victorian *Ausgleich*, the author demonstrates at portentous length that the election of 1955 marked the end of fifty years of radical revolution and the return to the true English middle way, whose first prophets were Hooker and John Locke. Their torch, according to Hans-Oskar Wilde, has been carried in this century by John Galsworthy, Ernest Barker, A. L. Rowse and C. S. Lewis – not to mention the present Prime Minister! I fancy that all of them would be embarrassed by these reams of Teutonic appreciation, which, incidentally, are studded with the oddest mis-spellings and the most grotesque errors of fact. All of which makes me suspect that absence from England has made our author's heart grow fonder. In a chapter on the English language, for example, we are given a list of 'the most commonly used and characteristic expressions in the field of significance of the English middle way. . . .'

> common (self-common), co-operative, universal, general, harmony, unity, unity in diversity, synthesis, homogenity, complexity, concert, social – continuity – mixed – balanced – community – inter-individual, interdependent, interaction; large, broad; compromise.

What a relief to turn to the brilliant reportage of H. G. Alexander, London correspondent of *Der Spiegel*, which is, roughly, *Time* in German. *Zwischen Bonn und London* describes President Heuss's State visit to London day by day and hour by hour, with a mass of curious detail which was never published in our newspapers. It also provides a fully documented survey of how the visit was reported in the British and German press. Mr Alexander is at pains to correct the fantastic misrepresentation of the British attitude, for which most of his colleagues were responsible, and at the same time to rebuke his countrymen for their emotional instability. What a storm, for instance, was aroused in Germany when the newspapers carried a photograph of Oxford undergraduates with their hands in their pockets, watching the German President in procession towards his lunch at All Souls. *'Gott strafe England!'* shouted most of the press in unison at what they at once assumed to be a studied insult, organised by the Foreign Office.

I enjoyed the contrast between the admirable poise and good humour displayed by Dr Heuss himself and the neurotic love-hate relationship revealed by so many German journalists, who were prepared to distort the facts in order to prove that their President had been insulted. *Zwischen Bonn und London* confirms my impression that whereas, during the war, the only British voices the Germans heard were those of Winston Churchill and Lindley Fraser, the BBC's German commentator, this honour has now been divided between Cassandra and A. J. P. Taylor. Throughout the Heuss visit, the German press was so busy repeating their diatribes that no one else, including the Queen, got more than a mention. All this Mr Alexander describes with the nutty good humour of a born Berliner, whose friendliness for England has not destroyed either his German patriotism or his critical judgment.

Finally, an example of political *belles-lettres* by one of the best informed journalists in Bonn. Joachim Besser has taken time off from political reporting for *Die Welt* in order to distil his knowledge of Europe into the literary equivalent of a box of liqueur chocolates. *Nicht Uebelnehmen Bitte!* is the kind of thing which I would detest in English but admire in German; for extracting elegance from that language is like getting blood out of a stone. Dr Besser adores England, but

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HAMISH HAMILTON

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his mania is for Europe, and once again the love-hate relationship is evident. The good European is in danger of revealing himself a bad German.

In a remarkable last essay, Dr Besser turns serious and warns his countrymen:

> The Federal Republic must finally grasp its European task and make it popular. It can no longer carry on its present policy and combine integration into NATO with dreams of a greater Germany, revision of the frontiers and the absorption of the East German Republic. If the Federal Republic restricts itself to what it really is, it will not seem a threat to the Russians. Even more important, it will finally make itself trustworthy in Western eyes.

I agree. But how many Germans will ever have the *Zivilcourage* to agree publicly with Dr Besser?

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Poets on the Stage

Goethe's Major Plays. By RONALD PEACOCK. *Manchester University Press.* 21*s.*

Schiller's Mary Stuart. Translated and adapted by STEPHEN SPENDER. *Faber.* 15*s.*

Goethe's conception of writing reflected his practice; life and art should illuminate each other. He wrote about what was close to his life, and even his plays had their reflective, non-dramatic moments. It marked him somewhat apart from Schiller. Their statues are on the same plinth in Weimar and a deeply affectionate respect drew them together and a determined rivalry estranged them. It nearly prevented their meeting. The friendship endured, indispensable to both, until Schiller's early death in 1805. 'A remarkable man', said Goethe once, 'he had to think everything out.' 'Beside Goethe', said the remarkable man, 'I am a poetical clod.'

Schiller was and remains an undisputed success on the stage. In Berlin last April I saw *The Robbers*, an early play, receive the same prolonged ovation as ever. Goethe's success is undisputed too, apart from his treatise on optics and his writing for the stage. It may or may not be significant, that there is a *Schiller Theater* in Berlin, but no *Goethe Theater*. I saw *Stella* in the *Theater am Kurfürstendamm*; there seemed a certain obstinate loyalty in the way one faction of the audience clapped against the other, silent faction. That dispute has been going on for 150 years.

In a noble study of Goethe's major plays, Professor Peacock also agrees their form is unorthodox, and then argues well and clearly in their defence, not as poems—they hardly need defending on that score—but as plays. And yet: 'the Goethean dramatic character springs on to the stage all ready for action, but is then turned inwards on himself'. And the play becomes a lyric poem, or a philosophical meditation or a character study or, at best, a narrative. The action that will keep an audience quiet if not spellbound is replaced by something else which is not, strictly speaking, drama. Nor is it always equal to the task.

It was characteristic. Goethe was a born writer in the modern tradition. With his gift for lyric and for character study he often marooned the action, or held it up while he wrote a subjective poem. His interest kept shifting away from the dramatic elements, on to something anterior to them, or above and beyond them; on to life itself and man in the cosmos. But his plays should not be seen as so many separate stage successes or failures. That is to isolate them from his other work; he shares with Joyce and Dante the artistic coherence that requires each book to be set against the background of his life and work. It is not true of all artists and writers, but it usually is of the best. It is true of Goethe.

The plays render a series of personal problems into poetry, by means of which the poet discovered what he believed; in *Egmont*, as to freedom and individual destiny in politics, in *Torquato Tasso*, the poet in society, in *Iphigenie auf Tauris* the problem of good and evil, and in *Faust I*, man's lust for knowledge and experience. But in the end his writing led him to *Faust II*, which is unplayable; and even *Faust I* is often better read. Now the plays are written, one would not alter them to 'improve' the drama. The poetry must be its own reward—and their best defence.

In 1799, Schiller (a translator of Euripides and Racine) wrote to his friend: 'I must see the last act clearly before coming to the second.' He was talking of his new play, *Maria Stuart*. Stephen Spender's English adaptation of that semi-historical work follows the original, at a certain distance. The Queens do meet, Mortimer kills himself, Mary is beheaded and Elizabeth left alone 'betrayed' as Leicester takes ship for France. In German, the drama 'rushes on in fear and hope to its end', as the author planned. In English, it grinds to a close. A translator's task is to render another person's ideas into acceptable language. Schiller's ear was good; his ballads were sung all over the country. But to translate his verse you need skill and sensitivity and infinite pains. Comparing the texts, one finds that the scansion and caesurae and the long, rounded periods of the original, where at rare moments they appear in the English version, are punctuated by faults of over-literalness, of rhetoric or of omission; and one hopes the next edition will receive the revision it deserves.

PATRICK BOWLES

PEARL S. BUCK

has written about the most awesome achievement of our time—the splitting of the atom, and the manufacture of the atomic bomb—in her new novel, **Command the Morning.**

The sequence of events is true, but fictional characters are used to tell the story. The group of scientists responsible for the creation of the bomb are seen gradually becoming aware of the potential force of the thing they are striving to perfect, and then they come to grips with the inevitable problem of whether or not the fearful weapon is to be used.

COMMAND THE MORNING 16s

METHUEN

Week-end Competition

No. 1,542 **Set by John Mander**

The usual prizes are offered for the best versions of the following squibs, chosen from the great number of *Xenien* composed by Goethe and Schiller at the expense of their contemporaries.

Kant and his Exegetes

Wie doch ein einziger Reicher so viele Bettler in Nahrung
Setzt! Wenn die Könige baun, haben die Kärrner zu tun.

Love among the Pedagogues

Was das entsetzlichste sie von allen entsetzlichen Dingen?
Ein Pedant, den es jückt, locker und lose zu sein.

To a Contemporary Thinker

Steil wohl ist er, der Weg zur Wahrheit, und schlüpfrig zu steigen,
Aber wir legen ihn doch nicht gern auf Eseln zurück.

Of Certain Philosophers

Ist denn die Wahrheit ein Zwiebel, von dem man die Häute nur abschät?
Was ihr hinein nicht gelegt, ziehet ihr nimmer heraus.

Entries, to be in verse form, by 22 September.

Result of No. 1,539 **Set by William Salter**

New lines in winemanship are badly needed. For example, of some Spanish Burgundy: 'I think you'll find this drinkable. Possibly not up to the eleven-plus standard, but definitely Secondary Modern A stream!' The usual prizes for the best set of three such ploys.

Report

A good and spirited entry. Reluctantly, I disqualified competitors who essayed the flights proper to wine-merchants' lists: salesmanship is not winemanship. What I was after were manifestations of the superiority, denigration, mock-humility, sham-apologetics and the defence of the indefensible that have obviously become part of the Englishman's pleasure in drinking wine. I got them in plenty; nice snobbery and revolting knowingness were displayed on all sides, though very few competitors were able to produce three ploys of equal merit. A guinea and a half each to John Digby, Peter Veale and Nancy Gunter, and half a guinea for each entry asterisked in the quotations from the honourably mentioned.

This Vouvray, now . . . The wine, you feel, Fleming's having Bond order for the next *diner-à-deux*.

Since Marlene Dietrich, old man, there's been nothing out of Germany like this hock.

Mauriac's Bordeaux, of course, is all vinegar. Mine here, I like to think, is the corrective that wine applies to literature.

JOHN DIGBY

An unpretentious little Australian, with an amusing hint of sheep stations.

I warn you, some people find this one a shade too intellectual for rock salmon.

This is what I call a Welfare State rosé—amiable but unexciting.

PETER VEALE

This is a real open-air Australian type—needs a bush.

This wine is lovely and slimming, dear. 'No body!' my husband says.

You'll find this port well worth putting in orbit round the table.

NANCY GUNTER

* Reminds me a little of the approach to Angkor. You know, the rather routine first stages – and then that final, unexpected revelation (Martin Fagg).

A sincere little wine, but doesn't know its way about yet and inclined to be frivolous. Not 'The Ruins of Athens', mind, but not quite the 'Hammerklavier' either! (Martin Fagg).

Perhaps not for quick starting, old boy, but once the over-drive cuts in with the second glass, it's smooth going the whole way. Chap I know says he sets up the lap record at every party on it (Esme Kelly).

If you'll stub out your cigarette, I'll give you a tiny taste of that peasant liqueur I picked up in Yugoslavia last summer (J. Thomson).

I hope this champagne doesn't seem too slow through the air for you: there should be enough top spin on it to make it fizz off the pitch (G. J. Blundell).

* Californian sherry tries hard. It's like Hollywood remaking The Ten Commandments (Stanley J. Sharpless).

I agree with you, it may be lacking in body. But I find that our sensitive, thinkers' palates appreciate a Hepburn rather than a Mansfield (L. G. Titman).

(Of a British sherry). Dulcet-dry; somewhat reminiscent of the Spanish wines, but of a unique whimsical-balmy character: a must for lovers of This England (M. H.).

* It suffers from a spot of wow and flutter, but otherwise it's pretty hi-fi (E. O. Parrott).

* I call this wine 'Monty'. It talks rather big, but it hits you for six all the same (Anon).

City Lights

The Way the Gentleman Rides

The date is fixed at last, and markets – for the moment, at least – are gloating. At the beginning of the week, with an election only vaguely imminent, share prices were falling: there was sizeable selling of steel shares, property shares, even of industrial blue-chips. Then came the news that Mac was off to Balmoral, and suddenly everything turned around; the institutions began to buy steel shares, the bears rushed to cover, and prices generally, despite Wall Street, became much firmer. Punters are thinking in terms of a straightforward gamble on a Tory victory and busily searching for shares – steel and television shares, for example – likely to react most vigorously to it. Both steel and television, of course, stand to be affected only negatively. Speculators are finding it difficult to pick out particular shares or groups of shares, which, apart from general market trends, are likely to be positively affected by the policies of either party.

* * *

It is not easy to explain the contrast between Monday and the rest of the week; why should share prices fall on nervous selling caused by fear of an election yet begin to rise as soon as the election is announced? The market, of course, has been dominated by speculation for some time, and it would be a mistake to expect an entirely rational explanation. Speculators, when profits have been coming in too easily for too long, guiltily anticipate an early break in the market and tend to suppose that their uneasy feeling must be the result of some hidden worsening in the economic situation – hence their superstitious preoccupation with short-term interest rate

COMPANY MEETING

PURNELL AND SONS LIMITED

(Book Printers and Publishers)

SATISFACTORY RESULTS

SCRIP ISSUE PROPOSED

The 25th ordinary general meeting of Purnell and Sons Limited will be held on 28 September, in London.

The following is the statement by the Chairman and Managing Director, Mr W. Harvey: —

It gives me pleasure to submit to you the Accounts of the Company for 1958. The Profit of the Group for the year, before providing for Taxation, is £711,781, being £604 less than 1957. The reduction in the standard rate of Income Tax is reflected in the decreased charge for Taxation of £384,060 as compared with £416,527 in 1957. After providing for taxation the balance of Profit for the year is £327,260 against £296,325 in 1957. The year's profit together with the balance brought forward from the previous year, after adjustment of Taxation over-reserved, brings the amount available for allocation to £1,186,989. Of this balance your Directors have transferred £500,000 to General Reserve, and provided for Dividends to Members of £131,310, leaving a balance to be carried forward of £555,679.

In making the offer of Ordinary Shares in October last it was estimated that the Dividend for 1958 would be 32½ per cent. It is, however, found possible to distribute the equivalent of 33½ per cent., but in order to take advantage of the Profits Tax provisions of the Finance Act, 1958, it is recommended that a Final Dividend of 16¼ per cent. be paid in respect of 1958 and an interim Dividend of 5 per cent. on account of 1959, both on the present Ordinary Capital of the Company and both payable on the same date.

In my review of the accounts for 1957 I mentioned that it was your Board's intention to revalue the Fixed Assets of the Company.

Whilst this valuation has been made your Board has considered it inadvisable to write up the Fixed Assets at this stage, but you will be pleased to know that the valuation exceeds the present Balance Sheet figure by approximately £1,500,000.

Capital Proposals

Your Directors are of the opinion that the Capital of the Company should more accurately represent the Capital employed and in consequence are recommending the Capitalisation of £711,269 of the General Reserve and the issue of one New Ordinary Share for each Ordinary Share held. To give effect to this recommendation it will be necessary to increase the Nominal Capital of the Company and for this purpose an Extraordinary General Meeting is being convened, the requisite notice for which accompanies the Accounts.

Up to the date of the Printers Strike all branches of the Group were working to capacity and the results for the current year will therefore depend on how much additional production can be made up during the remaining months of the year to compensate for the heavy loss sustained by the strike. Under the circumstances our Profits may be affected to some extent but it is anticipated it will be possible to recommend a Dividend in respect of 1959 of some 17½ per cent. on the proposed increased capital, in addition to the Special Interim of 5 per cent. now being paid on the present capital.

Once again I wish to pay tribute to my colleagues on the Board, all of whom are full-time executives, and to express my thanks to the staff and to all employees for their services and co-operation.

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MARRIAGE, SEX AND THE FAMILY 15/9

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This is not a text book of Christian Ethics—its purpose is to present reasoned and Christian views as a guide to how the gift of sex may be best understood and how Marriage and Family Life may be most enjoyed. The subjects covered include—Preparation for Marriage: The Sexual Expression of Love in Marriage—Divorce—Homosexuality, etc., and the distinguished contributors include The Bishop of Birmingham, Mary Macaulay, The Bishop of Woolwich, Cyril Bibby, A. Graham Ikin. This is an important book for all thinking people.

RENNIE MACANDREW'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SEX AND LOVE TECHNIQUE 26/6

In this volume of 370 pp. the author provides a comprehensive survey of the subject throughout the whole span of human life. A review says: "There is no sex problem which is not answered in this truly amazing volume."

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Written by a medical man specialising in Obstetrics and Gynaecology this work is a complete guide to every aspect of sex. A Judge recently said: "I have read every word and every page of it. It is a perfectly proper publication. This book would give enlightenment to people."

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movements abroad and the possibility of a rise in Bank Rate. If, of course, you believed in the power of Bank Rate over foreign opinion, you'd expect – remembering all that has been said about a speculative run on sterling at the time of an election – that Grandma would put it up as soon as she sniffed an election in the offing. But the City, oddly enough, had quite the opposite idea. The City, supposing that the prosperity of the speculators must imply some hidden malaise in the economy, has assumed that a rise in Bank Rate would disillusion the bemused voters and that it would not therefore take place until after an election; the early date chosen for the election is responsible for most of the market's enthusiasm. This line of thought, which was very common at a low and widespread level of opinion, illustrates both the irrationality of the spectator and his scepticism about Tory prosperity; it also implies a common assumption that technical decisions of monetary policy are, and should be, dictated by political considerations. One ventures to express a doubt whether this is exactly what Lord Radcliffe meant in his so-carefully worded report.

* * *

Two questions remained unanswered when Mr Clore dropped his attack on Watney last June: Why did he choose to withdraw his bid (worth the equivalent of 60s. a share) rather than raise it? and, what steps would the directors take to make the shares permanently worth the 70s.-odd to which the market price had risen as soon as Mr Clore appeared? The popular guess was that Mr Clore had withdrawn his bid because, given the resources of the opposition, he would have had to raise it too high to leave him a reasonable profit margin; the directors, it was supposed, would raise the dividend, float off their superfluous properties into a new company, distribute shares in the new company to Watney shareholders, and allow investors' natural propensity to over-value property to work itself out harmlessly.

This is very much what they have now done. The group's properties have been revalued bang up to date, £4½m of property is being put into a new subsidiary for development and half the shares of the subsidiary are being distributed to shareholders, the dividend is being raised from 10½ to 15 per cent. All this is accompanied by a great gust of confidence in the future prosperity of Watney under its existing management. All in all, the proposals make the shares worth just about the 72s. at which they already stood and a good bit more if you're feeling optimistic; Mr Clore can now sell his shares at a comfortable profit.

* * *

One day, no doubt, Lord Rank's faithful followers will reap their reward. While Ranks the Millers is raising £7½m on debenture to finance its programme of taking over every bakery in sight, Ranks the Cinemas has announced its results for the past year – a little better than the year before but a good deal worse than last year's optimistic remarks suggested. The group profit amounts to £5½m; but after massive depreciation provisions, tax payments and contributions to dividends on subsidiaries, the profit drops to £180,000.

The long-suffering shareholders must now console themselves with the thought that, since their share in the profit is so small, a modest increase in the profit could finance a large increase in their dividend. With the fall in cinema attendances levelling out and entertainment tax again cut, with Southern TV booming and the group's belated efforts at diversification at last beginning to pay off, they may well decide to give Lord Rank yet another year's grace.

TAURUS

You should bank with the Westminster

Westminster Bank Limited, Head Office: 41 Lothbury, London, E.C.2 and 1200 branches throughout England and Wales

The Chess Board

No. 513. A Might-Have-Been 64 Years Ago

What would we chessplayers do without the never failing bliss of the might-have-been to console us for our blunders by the comforting thought that we *might* have seen the winning line we happened to overlook? It happens to grandmasters too, but it doesn't often happen posthumously, such as in this very important position. /8/7p/2k1Pp2/pplp2pl/3P2P1/4P3/P3K2P/8/. Very important indeed, for it was Pillsbury's last round game (against Gunsberg) at Hastings, 1895, and by winning it he won his sensational 1st prize (ahead of the reigning and the previous world champion) and crossed the threshold to his meteoric career. In the above-noted position Pillsbury played (1) P-K4!, and the book of the tournament comments that Black here might as well have resigned; but let us first look at what actually happened.

. . . PxP; (2) P-Q5 ch, K-Q3; (3) K-K3, P-Kt5; (4) KxP, P-R5; (5) K-Q4, K-K2!!; (6) K-B4 [K-B5 wouldn't save the game either], P-Kt6!; (7) PxP, P-R6!; (8) K-B3, P-B4!; (9) PxP. Relatively best since (9) P-Kt4 would be defeated by . . . P-B5; (10) P-Kt5, P-R7! etc., P-R4; (10) P-Kt4, P-Kt5. Now if the White KRP were still on R2, as in the actual game, Black so as to follow up the line now winning, would have to waste a precious tempo by . . . P-R5; a precious and, indeed, decisive tempo since it would make all the difference between win or loss, the sequel being (11) P-Kt5 P-R5; (12) P-Kt6, P-R7; (13) K-Kt2, P-Kt6; (14) PxP, PxP; (15) P-Q6 ch!, KxP; (16) P-Kt7, K-B2; (17) P-K7 and wins.

This would have been Pillsbury's winning line if Gunsberg had played (5) . . . K-K2! instead of the suicidal . . . P-R4; but, assuming once again that his KRP had been on R3 rather than still on its starting square, he would have had a hopelessly lost game after the 10th move, the sequel being:

(11) PxP, PxP; (12) P-Kt5, P-Kt6; (13) P-Kt6, P-R7!; (14) K-Kt2 P-Kt7; (15) P-Q6 ch, KxP; (16) P-Kt7 RP = Q ch; (17) KxQ, P = Q ch and wins.

Luckily for Pillsbury, this nightmare variation was purely hypothetical. Even so, it provides a good example of how finely balanced such P-endings may well be; indeed, they usually are.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Pillsbury's opponent (White) had just played KBxKt (on e4) and, a piece up, felt quite safe. How was he disillusioned in a couple of moves? **B** and **C** (for 6 & 7 ladder-points) are both draws, the former quite easy the latter facilitated by my useful hint that the new Black Q is to be very neatly cornered in the end.

A: *H. N. Pillsbury*: /7k/p4qlp/1pb5/2p5/4B2Q/2P1B3/P6P/7K/.

B: *A. Selesniev*, 1918: /24/4P3/kt7/3K2kp/8/2Kt5/.

C: *A. Kusnetzov & V. Zacharov*, 1958: /8/7b/4KB2/6PP/8/kt3P3/p7/4b2k/.

Usual prizes. Entries by 21 September.

REPORT on No. 510. Set 22 August

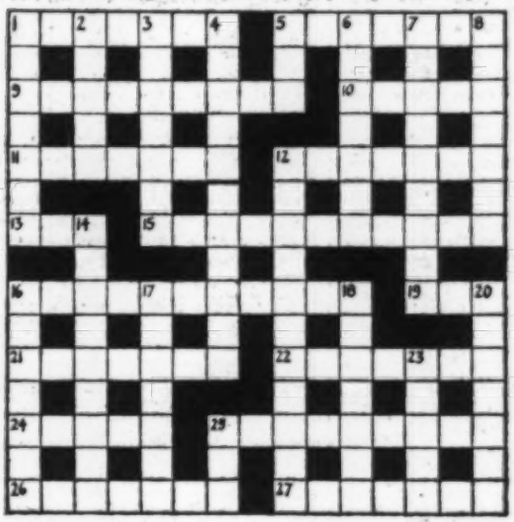
A: (1) R-R8 ch, K-Kt3, (2) P-B5 ch PxP; (3) QxP ch!! etc.
B: (1) R-K8! (P-B7?) QxBP ch; (2) K-Q7 ch K-B4! (K-Q4??); (3) P-K4 ch K-B5, (4) R-K6 etc.
C: (1) Kt-B3 ch, K-R8!
Making the Q, of course, as taboo as she will be on the 4th, 6th, 10th and 12th move.
(2) Q-R4 ch K-Kt7; (3) Q-R2 ch, K-B; (4) Q-Kt1 ch, K-Q7; (5) Q-Kt2 ch, K-K8; (6) Q-B1 ch, K-B7, (7) Kt-Q1 ch, K-B6; (8) Q-B3 ch K-K7 (best); (9) Q-Kt2 ch K-Q6! (K-B6??); (10) Q-Kt3 ch, K-Q7; (11) Q-R2 ch, K-Q6; (12) Kt-Kt2 ch K-K6; (13) Kt-B4 ch, K-B6; (14) Kt-K5 and wins.

A good many correct solutions. Prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, R. C. Chaturvedi, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg, B. Silver.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 370

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 370, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 22 Sept.



ACROSS

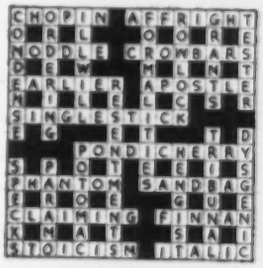
1. Investing is possibly a bit mean (7).
5. 'As luscious as ——' (*Othello*) (7).
9. Blustering because potentially right once (9).
10. Street about to ruin the fashionable (5).
11. Gave the impression the urchin was deceitful (7).
12. Bob crazy about a woman ruined (7).
13. Plan for a backward girl (3).
15. Curative when started off by the seizure (11).
16. The knave is after the biscuit—an excellent thing (11).
19. In the middle of a fast such feeling would be most beautiful (3).
21. If no living accommodation were required this boat would do for speed (7).
22. Alter the name for a gas (7).
24. 'The Frenchman, easy, debonair, and ——' (Cowper) (5).
25. Drainage which is mainly to arrest people (9).
26. Attempts which may make the loud softer (7).
27. No tears needed for this American (7).

DOWN

1. Disbelief that an article exists in time (7).
2. Town half-back with a reward for victory (5).
3. In saying what he got is terrific he is a self-centred person (7).
4. Tough examination for BBC honours? (5, 6).
5. Pull the listener (3).
6. A fall, and there is the conspirator half dead (7).
7. Food spoilt when it is past eight (9).
8. Scurrilous in Minnesota diction (7).
12. Waifs from the camp, they are found in caves (11).
14. Obvious argument for one who appears in court (9).
16. Qualified message about father (7).
17. The slaughterer has to have the technique first (7).
18. Where one gets to know about irritation (7).
20. Constructor of rubbish caught before rising (7).
23. Roughly taped as the expert has it (5).
25. Island in which the right of holding court is given up (3).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 368



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 368

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Miss C. D. Plant (Purley)
D. L. L. Clarke (Headington)

PERSONAL

CANNES, 5 miles from. Cottage with studio, all conveniences, garden view. Oct. to May. Mercer, Chester Beatty Institute, SW3.

ORANGE-picking in Israel about 4 months, walking, working way through Italy, young woman graduate like to hear from others interested in going. Box 10915.

DEAF boy aged 4½ years, unable to live at home and needing special boarding school training during term time, needs foster parents living within 30 miles of London to give understanding care during holiday periods. Generous payment made. Apply—London County Council, Area Children's Officer, 75A Mildmay Park, Islington, N1. (1930.)

WANTED, foster home for two brothers aged 2 and 3 years in London or South East England area. Please apply to Area Children's Officer, Area 2, LCC, 313 Harrow Road, London, W9. (1925.)

AMERICAN lady writer, 37, arriving mid Oct. wishes community living; interests politics, walking, languages, (liberal); with persons like interests. Box 11011.

YNG writer sks £90 loan urgently. Security, & gd return for trust. Box 10901.

ANYONE with week to spare? Writer and wife need transport to North Spain—not returning. Petrol, etc., paid for. FRE. 6659.

A COUNTRY Conference House—Springfield Court, near Rye, Sussex, available for small groups (12-28). Please write for particulars to The Warden, Syskon College, Millfield Lane, N6.

GRADUATE (m) would share beautiful Sussex cottage at week-ends. Box 10588.

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CITY Amateur Group need experienced young leading lady for 'The Tender Trap'. Telephone PUTney 6538.

WANTED. Recent correspondence course Part I, Final LL.B., London. Box 11007.

INTELLIGENCE alone qualifies for membership of Mensa. Send 9in. × 4in. s.a.e. for details of IQ test. Many pass who least expect it. MSAS, 'Sandringham', Briscoe Rd, Rainham, Essex.

ARE you interested in survival? If so, come to Camden Town Market during Nuclear Disarmament Week and support the St. Pancras Branch stall.

WOULD person (m. or f.) with gardening exp. & enthusiasm like b. & b. in man's p'cas, Surrey town cottage, in return 4 hrs gdng, wkends/when conv. Box 10809.

MARK Gerson, photographer to the world of books and art. Details and price list on request. 16 Woodstock St, Mayfair, W1. MAY. 0609.

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, programmes, etc. Illus. or orig. text reproduced. Susan Tully, 9 Blenheim St, W1. MAY. 6093.

MASSAGE for health and fitness relieves nervous tension. HAM. 2514, 12-5 p.m.

ONLY 7d fare (with the new increase) from Piccadilly, 30 Abbey Gardens, St John's Wood studio of Anthony Panting. Confirmation of appointment brings a map.

PERSONAL—continued

BLACKHILL Campaign documentary film needs £300 working capital to complete. 5,000 ft 16mm shot, 15 hrs recordings, approved by Karel Reisz. All work done voluntarily. Contact Jack Parsons, 12 Nassington Rd, NW3. SWI. 4306.

MORTGAGES. 90% to 95% advances arranged on new and pre-1919 properties. Confidential service given by mortgage specialist. Write: A. Alexander, Insurance Broker, 74a High St, Croydon, Surrey.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Join Now—Entrance fee suspended until 30 September. Special rates for students and married couples. Enquire about membership to Secy.

GUITAR week-end: Garfield-Howe group at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, 9-12 Oct.; also 'From Boccaccio to Keats', 12-19 Oct. 'Autumn Painting & Sketching'.

CONTINENT. Attract. posts for girls avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, London.

LEARN German the thorough way. Learn it at Ashley College, GERard 8782.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

ENGLISH to suit your needs (conversation, correspondence, exams, correction manuscripts, theses, translations). Foreign visitors particularly welcomed. Write (not call) Miss Coates, BA, 18 Steele's Road, NW3.

SPEECHES, books, house mags, journalist writes confid., promptly. Box 10251.

WRITE for profit in spare time—wherever you live. Hundreds of RI students have earned while learning. Send for interesting free booklet—without obligation. The Regent Institute (Dept G/191), Palace Gate, Lon, W8.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un., 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

INFORMAL music group. Amateur players invited. Mrs Dunn, HAM. 8109 after 3.

PERSONALIST Club. A new approach to leisure and culture. Write Box 10841.

WATFORD, see entertainments column.

WHAT'S wrong with the ABC? Ask Phonetic Alph. Assn, 86 Dalmain Rd, SE23.

YOUR best laid plans have broken down? A pipe of Tom Long clears your frown.

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of 'Good Sight Without Glasses', may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) req. free board & lodg in exch. 4 hrs. help, (3) also paying stu. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KEN. 8806.

SELL Your Writing. Stories and articles wanted for immediate submission to Editors on a 10% basis. Unsuitable work returned with free criticism and free 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. Stamped addressed envelope essential. Literary Agency Dept. N2, BA School of Successful Writing, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

PERSONAL happiness, racial harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are interdependent. You agree? Write Sec. (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

PERSONAL—continued

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1 (Tel. HOL. 8193).

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories, Ltd, 333/46 Gray's Inn Rd, London, WC1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

TV urgently needs scripts and you can be taught to write them. Apply: Dept. 104, TV Writing School, 7 Harley St, London, W1.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN. 1586.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

4½% Interest (tax paid). Invest in a Society ... with a Proud Policy through The New Homes Building Society, 342 Richmond Rd, E. Twickenham. Chr. Anthony Marlowe, MP.

FOREIGN Languages on Records. Visaphone 9 LP records, 2 books in case. French or German £8 8s. Interpret holiday crses: 3 LP records, 2 books. French, Spanish, Italian or German £3 10s. Free trial, post-free. No dep. Bermeries Book Sales, Ltd (Dept Visaphone, NS), 10 Bayley St, WC1. MUS. 7223.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KEN. 8042.

LYRICS & sketches reqd. Scripts and s.a.e. to Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq, WC2.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

SCHOOLS

A HIGHGATE Montessori Nursery (inspected and approved by the County Health Dept). Open all the yr round for children 2½-5 years. Hrs 8.30 a.m.-6.30 p.m. Mon.-Fri. Further partics Tel. Princ. MOU. 0956.

CREATIVE Education. The Governors of Box Hill School, Mickleham, Surrey, co-educational boarding and day school for pupils aged 7 to 18 years, announce the appointment as headmaster of Mr Roy McConnish, DA, recently housemaster at Gordonstoun School, Elgin. For prospectus please write to the Headmaster.

FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John H. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

NEW Sherwood School, co-educational, progressive, parent-owned, has at the moment limited vacancies for boarders. Epsom 9619.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset, school farm. TT cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principals Carl & Eleanor Urban.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3. (SWI. 3591.) Small group of full and weekly boarders accepted. Weekends at country house in Chiltern Hills 800ft above sea. French-Engl. holiday group. Elizabeth Paul, Ph.D.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 338

PIANO. Harpsichord, Clavichord, Recorders, Plainsong. Exp. tuit. Pinner 2065.

PROSPECTIVE secretaries and shorthand-typists wanted: posts guaranteed, special arrangement fees. Training by Modern Tutorial College, 31 James St, W1. HUN. 2309.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

PRIVATE lessons Shorthand, Typing, English, French, Mabel Eyles, ENT. 3324.

ST JAMES' Academy, 283 Oxford St, W1. HYDe Park 6524. Intensive full/part-time secretarial courses start 28 September. Small groups. Remarkable results. Also attractive language courses and English for Continentals. Hampstead residence.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Span. meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. Tel. COV. 0754.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

WHERE TO STAY

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, gd food, comf. & friendly atmosphere. Broch. and tariff from Mr & Mrs N. Lusby. Tel. 508.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

RECULVER Lodge, Beltinge, Kent (Herne Bay 750). 2 Weekends. Late holidays. Christmas bookings being taken.

GLORIOUS Devon. For late hols try Bosell Guest House, Buckfastleigh. Ideal touring, walking, fishing, relaxation. Tel. 3294.

COTSWOLDS. Guests welc. in simple country house in lovely valley, 8 gns. wkly. Mrs. Collier, 'Steanbridge', Nr Stroud, Glos.

SUSSEX. 18th Century Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Lovely Downland country. Delightful rooms, breakfast, garden. Tel. 1773.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 21944. 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns, putting green, garages. Superlative food. September, 9 & 9½ gns.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geriennydd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6½/7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country 9d. post free from Victor Hilton (NS), St. Alls House, Torquay.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box numb.r 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.
N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1
Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

THE ELECTRICITY COUNCIL

WARDEN AND TUTOR

Applications are invited for the above superannuable appointment at the Council's Residential Training Establishment, Horsley Towers, East Horsley, Nr. Leatherhead. Horsley Towers is the national training establishment of the electricity supply industry and provides short courses in a wide range of subjects including technical courses but with the main emphasis on supervisory training, communication, industrial relations, executive development and other management functions. The Warden and Tutor is responsible to the Council's Education and Training Officer for the direction of courses and for the general administration of the establishment. A domestic manager is employed. Applicants should be of degree or equivalent status and have administrative experience, be familiar with contemporary techniques in industrial training and should be well qualified to make a teaching contribution in some of the above stated fields. The salary for the appointment will be within the scale £1,540-£1,740 together with unfurnished accommodation suitable for a married man with family. Applications stating age and giving full details of experience should be submitted to E. Landucci, Winsley Street, London, W1, to arrive not later than 30 September 1959. Quote Ref. NSN/47.

PENGUIN BOOKS

require someone in their Publicity Department to write blurbs and to look after the covers of their books. This job includes preparing the end-pages of advertising in the books and attending to all the routine work involved.

Applications in writing to Publicity Manager

PENGUIN BOOKS LIMITED

Harmondsworth, Middlesex

STELLA FISHER
IN THE STRAND

A well-run Employment Agency which provides a personnel selection service for London's leading employers. Office workers of both sexes are invited to contact STELLA FISHER BUREAU, 436 Strand, London, WC2. TEM. 6644.
Licensed by LCC
Members of EMPLOYMENT AGENTS' FEDERATION.

UNIVERSITY of The Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. Department of Classics. Vacancy: Senior Lecturer. Applications are invited for appointment to the above post. Duties are to be assumed on 1 January 1960, or as soon as possible thereafter. The salary will be according to the scale £1590×£60 – £2,010. A commencing salary above the minimum notch may be paid on the grounds of special qualifications or experience. In addition, the University is at present authorised, subject to government regulations, to pay an annual vacation savings bonus not exceeding £60. Membership of the University Institutions Provident Fund is compulsory, and membership of the University's Staff Medical Aid Fund is compulsory in the case of an officer who is found eligible in terms of the rules. Intending applicants are advised to obtain a copy of the Information Sheet relating to this vacancy from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on 16 November 1959.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Chair of History. Applications are invited for a newly established second Chair within the Department of History. The Professor will be responsible for teaching in a field of Modern History, the precise section to be determined in the light of the successful applicant's qualifications, and for the supervision of the staff whose work lies primarily in that field. Salary will be at the rate of £A3,750 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment. There is retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. A statement of conditions of appointment and information for candidates may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 17 October 1959.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of New England, Australia. Associate Professor and Senior Lecturer in Economics. Applications are invited for the above position. The salary for an Associate Professor is £A2,850. The commencing salary for a Senior Lecturer is fixed according to qualifications and experience within the range £A2,200×80 – £A2,600. For both positions a cost of living allowance at present amounting to £A18 per annum is payable. Grants to assist in research are available. Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses, assistance in buying or building a house. Further information may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 16 October 1959.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science. Applications are invited from graduates in Sociology, History or Politics for an Assistant Lectureship in the department of Sociology. Salary scale £700×£50 – £850 a year, plus £60 London Allowance, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. In assessing the starting salary consideration will be given to age and experience. The appointment will date from 1 October 1959, or as early thereafter as possible. Applications, with the names of three referees, should be sent not later than 21 September 1959 to the Secretary, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2, from whom further partics may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Extra-Mural Department. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor for North-Western Derbyshire with the salary and status of either Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in the University. Salary scales per annum: Lecturer, £900×£50 to £1,650; Assistant Lecturer, £700×£50 to £850. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary and status according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be sent not later than 5 October 1959 to the Registrar, University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of appn. may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. The University and the Family Welfare Association of Manchester and Salford invite applications for appointment to the post of Tutor-Caseworker. The salary will be £800 per annum, with membership of the FSSU. Applications should be sent not later than 5 October 1959 to the Registrar, University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

BBC requires Senior Assistant in Latin American Service (British subjects only), based in London. Duties include a considerable amount of travelling in Latin America and deputising for Spanish-American and Brazilian Programme Organisers during their absence. When travelling holder of this post will be required to maintain and increase contacts with Latin American radio and television organisations and to promote their use of BBC material. When deputising for a Programme Organiser he will be responsible for planning programmes and general supervision of output. General knowledge of Latin America and familiarity with at least a part of it essential. Good Spanish essential and working knowledge of Portuguese an advantage. Selected candidate may be required to take a language test. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1279 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Assistant to Sports Organiser, Television Outside Broadcasts in London. Candidates must have an interest in and some knowledge of the way in which sport is controlled, and will be expected to know the names of officials concerned in the control of sport in this country. In the main, the post will entail dealing with sports officials and co-ordinating arrangements for Outside Broadcasts of sport. Successful candidate will be required to undertake routine work in connection with preparation of contracts, confirmation of fixtures, etc. Candidates must have organising initiative and knowledge of shorthand and typewriting would be advantageous. Salary £675 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £875 max. p.a. Requests for applicn forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1284 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Reqd in Welfare Dept: (a) Welfare Visitors, who must have appropriate Social Service quals or exper., for services to severely handicapped persons (other than blind). Salary APT.I £640-£795 or Misc. III £555-£620 (if over 26), commencing salary accdg to quals, exper., etc. (b) Home Work Organiser for Brentford area, to seek work from commercial concerns which can be performed by handicapped persons at home or at a centre, & to assist with & supervise the work generally. Car necessary; allowance payable. Salary APT.I £640-£795 (if over 26). Both posts: initially in establishments/area stated. Prescribed conditions. For further particulars apply to Chief Welfare Officer, 1 Queen Anne's Gate Bldgs, Dartmouth St, Westminster, SW1, by 18 Sept. (Quote B98.)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Production Assistant, Television, in Manchester. Duties will include all normal general functions of a Production Assistant with special emphasis on Light Entertainment. Successful candidate will assist producers in programme administration, budgeting, rehearsal and, when necessary, in selection of films and direction of film sequences. He will act as producer's representative and be in charge of stage management. Good education and keen interest in, and knowledge of, Light Entertainment essential. Experience of production procedure in Television or films desirable. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1267, N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Assistant Publicity Officer in Manchester. Duties include collection and preparation of publicity material and its dissemination to the Press and BBC publications; liaison with the Press; handling Press visits and enquiries; contact with producers and performers to collect material both in Manchester and elsewhere in the Region. Experience of Press work and of the North of England essential. Salary £1,095 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by five annual increments to £1,370 max p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1280 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Education Officer in North Midland Division, in Nottingham. Wide academic qualifications and educational experience desirable, including experience of teaching in school, and thorough knowledge of the educational system. Duties include visiting schools and holding meetings and discussion with teachers and with educational bodies. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms and for further particulars of the post (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1281, N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

DSIR requires Senior Scientific Officer in Headquarters Information Division, London, to join small team concerned in scientific appraisal and liaison. Duties: to organise Conferences and Seminars and assist with organisation of International Conferences. Quals.: – 1st or 2nd Class Hons Degree in a science subject, preferably Chemistry, or equiv. quals. At least 3 years appropriate post-grad. experience, wide interest in general scientific matters and aptitude for administration and dealing with people. Starting salary in range £1,233 – £1,460 (men). Normal prospects of promotion to Principal S.O. (up to £2,120) in mid-thirties and (whilst under 31) of establishment through Civil Service Commission. Forms from MLNS, Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King Street, London, SW1, quoting reference F569/9A. Closing date 26 September 1959

BOROUGH of Lowestoft Committee for Education. Applications are invited from qualified and experienced men and women for the post of Club Leader to the South Lowestoft Youth Club. Membership approx. 100. Adequate premises. Salary according to Burnham Scale for teachers in Primary and Secondary Schools. Full particulars and application forms (returnable within a fortnight of the appearance of this advertisement) can be obtained from The Borough Education Officer, Education Office, 49 High Street, Lowestoft.

CITY of Leicester Education Committee. Psychiatric Social Worker Trainee. Applications are invited for this post from persons holding at least a University Social Science Diploma or Certificate and having had some experience of social case work. Salary scale £495×£20 – £535, with abatement of £20 for each year below age of 27. Further details of the post may be obtained from the Director of Education, Newarke Street, Leicester, to whom applications should be addressed within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement.

THE Executive Committee of the Central After-Care Association invites applications for the post of Director of the Women's Division of the Association which will fall vacant on the retirement of the present Director at the end of the year. The Women's Division deals with the statutory after-care of girls released from borstal and certain categories of women released from prison. Administrative capacity and related experience and qualifications in social work are essential. Candidates should be women and at least 35 years of age. Commencing salary £1,298. Particulars and forms on which applications must be made are obtainable from CACA, 66 Eccleston Square Mews, London, SW1, and must be submitted by 25 Sept. 1959. Canvassing in any form will disqualify.

FULL-Time Leader needed for Recreational Club. A large engineering company in the West of England is looking for a Leader to run a club for apprentices and other juvenile employees. He must have organising ability, mental and physical alertness and be able to get on with and guide young people of both sexes. A good knowledge of field sports, hobbies and pursuits is essential. Age 27-40. Salary £750 and up, according to experience. Write to Box 10827.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Education Officer in South Wales, based in Cardiff. Wide academic qualifications and educational experience desirable, including experience of teaching in school and thorough knowledge of the educational system. Duties include visiting schools and holding meetings and discussion with teachers and with educational bodies. Knowledge of Welsh essential. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms and for further particulars of the post (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1282 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

CHILD Welfare Officers. Child Welfare Officers required by London County Council to deal with reception into care, boarding out, rehabilitation, adoption supervision, and other field work associated with deprived children. Case loads will ultimately average 50-60 each officer. Officers selected would be based on area children's offices in London but children under supervision are placed in a wide area in and around London and considerable travelling involved. Ability to drive highly desirable. Assistance towards cost of driving tuition available. Experience in child care or allied social work necessary. Home Office Certificate or other appropriate academic qualification an advantage. £665-£965 commencing according to qualifications and experience. Promotion prospects to Senior Child Welfare Officer (£850-£1,185). Application forms and other details from Children's Officer (CH/E.1/1752), County Hall, SE1.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Children's Committee. Appointment of 2 Women Child Care Officers. Vacancies arise for Women Child Care Officers with additional responsibilities in the Mansfield and Worksop areas. Candidates should possess the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, a Social Science Diploma or an appropriate University Degree and have had experience in child care work. Opportunities to develop preventive and rehabilitation and adoption work and short stay boarding out. Interest in student supervision desirable. Assisted car purchase scheme. Salary APTI (£610-£765) to APTII (£765-£880) according to qualifications and experience. Officers will proceed to APTII if they have three years' whole-time practical experience in child care work or have two years' such experience if they hold the certificate in child care. Application form and further particulars obtainable from Mrs. M. R. Spence, Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham. A. R. Davis, Clerk of the County Council.

LONDON County Council. Social Workers, preferably with Social Science qualification reqd for permanent appointment for community care of the mentally handicapped. Work covers mentally sub-normal of all types and ages. It offers good opportunity for individual casework, and the scope and interest will probably be considerably widened under the new Mental Health Act. £625 – £830, commencing according to qualifications and experience. Commencing salary for persons under 24 abatable. Apply Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/1891), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 21 September.

FOUNTAIN Group Hospital Management Committee. An additional teacher is being recruited to train a group of severely subnormal adolescent boys at Hastings. If you think you have the qualities which would enable you to undertake this rewarding work please write to the Group Secretary, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, SW17, giving details of age, experience, and the names and addresses of two referees.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required at Maida Vale Hospital, W9. Applicants should hold the Mental Health Diploma. The work will be in the Psychiatric Dept of this neurological hospital and will be concerned mainly with out-patient adults and parents of disturbed children. Appls and enqs to the Hse Governor, Maida Vale Hospital, W9.

CLINICAL Psychologist, male or female, required for whole time duty at the Ingrebourne Centre, St George's Hospital, Hornchurch from 1 November next. This Neurosis Unit provides treatment for about 200 patients as out-patients, day patients and in-patients (20 beds). Qualifications, salary and conditions of service in accordance with appropriate Whitley Council agreement. Applications, with name of two referees, to Group Secretary, Romford HMC, Oldchurch Hospital, Romford. Further enquiries obtainable from Hospital Secretary. Tel. Hornchurch 43531.

SOCIAL Worker, qualified and suitably experienced (PSW preferred), required at Cefn Coed Hospital, Swansea. The Hospital shares an active programme of Community Care and Preventitive Mental Health with the Local Authority, and a special Centre for developing this work in the area is being established. For further information apply to Medical Superintendent, Cefn Coed Hospital, Swansea. Haydn Warner, Grp Secretary.

BROOKLANDS, Wray Park Road, Reigate. Required to work with mentally handicapped children, an Assistant (female) who has had previous experience or wishes to gain knowledge of this work. 44-hour working week, Whitley Council salary and conditions. Apply to Matron, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, SW17.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DEVON Mental Hospital Management Committee. Senior Psychologist required at Exminster and Digby-Wonford Hospitals. The appointment will be primarily to these progressive Mental Hospitals to start a new department, the staff of which will soon be increased to two. Opportunities for research. Whitley Council conditions of service and salary – at present £1,025 × 50(3) – £1,425 per annum. Applications, stating age, experience, qualifications and the names of two referees to, and further particulars on request from – The Group Secretary, Devon Mental HMC, Exminster Hospital, Nr Exeter.

DOBROYD Castle School, Todmorden, Lancs. Applications are invited from Qualified Teachers for two posts in this Home Office Approved School for 72 boys – age range 15-18. Applicants should have had wide general teaching experience, including the teaching of educationally sub-normal children. Ability to teach games and organise leisure time activities is essential and in the case of one appointment good PE qualifications will be an added recommendation. Equally important with the foregoing is an attitude of enthusiasm for a job presenting a challenge. Many of the boys are dull and almost all are immature and unstable, often presenting acute behaviour problems. All instruction is closely linked with character training and the men appointed will be expected to take an active part in the general life of the school. The salary is Burnham Scale plus 4 increments (£603 15s. × £26 5s. to £1,050) plus any appropriate allowances. Payment is made for extraneous duty at the rate of £189 per annum. For a married man a small house is available at a rent of £44 6s. per annum. For a single man there is accommodation in the school at an annual charge of £120. Applications, which should be as detailed as possible (no forms), together with the names of three referees, to the Headmaster, Dobroyd Castle School, Todmorden, Lancash... (2nd advertisement – previous applicants need not re-apply.).

BODENHAM Manor Residential School, Nr Hereford. 32 Maladjusted boys ages from 8 to 16. Male teacher required for six months. Competent to teach Crafts, including woodwork. Experience with retarded children preferred. Salary: Burnham scale, plus emoluments for extra duties. Apply in first place by letter to: The Secretary to the Managers, 23 Laburnum Road, Bournville, Birmingham, 30.

ST Margaret's School, The Old Vicarage, Stockland Bristol, Nr Bridgwater, Somerset. Qualified Teacher required for group of 15 emotionally disturbed children. Burnham scale. Applications to: The Principals, St Margaret's Children's Home, Linden Avenue, Dorchester, Dorset.

FAMILY Service Units established new Units in Oldham and South London last year. There are now 13 Units in London and provincial cities and further extensions are planned. A number of vacancies for new workers will arise during the next few months. Salaries range from £525 p.a. for beginning caseworkers to £950 p.a. (maximum) for casework supervisors. Students and experienced Social Workers who would like to know more about the possibility of taking part in FSU'S work are invited to get in touch with the Organising Secretary, David Jones, at 25 St Mary's Grove, London, N1.

ASSISTANT Family Case Worker reqd, 4 days p.w. For further details apply to Warden, Canning Town Women's Settlement, 2-4 Cumberland Rd, Plaistow, E13.

HOUSEFATHER required young adult spastic centre. Near London. Congenial surroundings, full social life, increment scale. Apply Box 10837.

THERAPISTS, Physio, Occupational and Speech, for Crippled Children's Outpatient Treatment Centres in various Ontario cities. Salaries commence at $3,000-$3,400 up. Immediate placement. Write Ontario Society for Crippled Children, 92 College St, Toronto 2, Canada.

ASSOCIATION of Occupational Therapists invites applications for the post of Administrative Assistant for Education. Shorthand, typing and an aptitude for figures essential. Starting salary £600 rising to £700. Lunch vouchers, 5-day week. Apply with names of two referees to Secretary, Association of Occupational Therapists, 251 Brompton Road, SW3, before 26 September.

GRADUATE required as Programme Assistant by Organisation planning educational programmes in Europe for Americans. Must have initiative, knowledge of Europe and be able to deal with own correspondence. Salary £550 to £660 depending on qualifications. For details write Box No. 86, Press & General, 10 Welbeck Street, W1.

PERSONNEL Assistant (woman) required temporarily by engineering firm in Hammersmith. Employment will definitely last until December at least, possibility of permanent job if particularly suitable. Opportunity for all round experience in personnel work. Apply to Box 10969.

BOOK-keeping teacher wanted one day per week by West End School. Might interest retired accountant. Box 10998.

SECRETARY shorthand/typist wanting human understanding, opportunity, security, interesting work, responsibility. 5-day week, friendly atmosphere. Ring TER. 3666.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

RESEARCH Department of Civil Service Staff Association requires Assistant. Experience of research work desirable. Should be good at figures and able to handle statistical data. Typing essential. Salary, age 23 or over, £11, rising to £11 14s. 6d. in two years. Hours 9.30 to 5.30. No Saturdays. Three weeks annual holiday. This year's holiday arrangements respected. Non-contributory pension scheme. Canteen facilities. Apply in writing to General Secretary, Institution of Professional Civil Servants, 28 Broadway, London, SW1.

RESEARCH assistant in economic and political subjects wanted by national Sunday newspaper. Apply stating qualifications and experience to Box 10978.

GUILD of Insurance Officials (Affiliated to TUC) invites applications for position of Organising Secretary, for the London area. Age 25-32. Duties: mainly organising, some committee work, public speaking. Previous experience an advantage. Salary according to age and experience. Write with qualifications etc., to 27 Basinghall St, EC2 marked Application Organising Secretary.

READERS Union and associated Book Clubs require young (24-28) copywriter/typographer with lively mind and broad interests to assist with advertising and promotion. Write, giving details of experience and salary required to General Manager, Readers Union, 38 William IV Street, London, WC2.

A RESEARCH Economist is required by London Merchant House handling a wide range of commodities. The work involves both the preparation of commodity reports analysing basic supply, demand and price trends, and continuous reviews of economic and market developments. Candidates should have: qualification in economics; familiarity with information sources; judgment in assessing trends; understanding of commercial problems. The post provides considerable scope and interest, and salary will be fully commensurate with ability and qualifications. Apply Box 10947.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of full-time Welfare Officer (female). For particulars apply in writing to the Assistant Secretary, The Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, London, W2.

SECOND Chance of liberal education and responsible careers for women over 20. One-year residential course for personal development or as preparation for professional training. Recognised by Ministry of Education. A few late vacancies. Bursary assistance available. Apply promptly to Sec. (NS), Hillcroft College, South Bank, Surbiton, Surrey.

INDEPENDENT Adult Education Centre seeks new members to join house-team. Vacancies for cook and for handyman. Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

SECRETARY required for music publishing firm. Interest in classical music an advantage. Apply Box 10681.

THE Labour Party requires senior and junior shorthand-typists in various departments at its headquarters. Interesting work, salary according to scale. Applications should be made to Mr Morgan Phillips, Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1.

EXCELLENT secretarial post WC2 requiring initiative and personality. Salary £780. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Square, W1. HYD. 6471.

LADY required, over 30 years of age, to assist in interesting shop, WC1. University district. Box 10848.

SECRETARY, 27-36 (English mother-tongue) with fluent French. Educated and personable. Salary to £700. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

REQUIRED, lady typist as partner to help rebuild small typewriting office, central London. Small capital. Box 10860.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG professional musician requires approx. 3 hrs daily typing, editing, etc., for author or similar professional person. Exp. sec./sh./typist. Box 10684.

YOUNG American BA (f) seeks stimulating rather than remunerative work London area. Skilled typist, knowledge German, editing, US labour relations. Box 10879.

SHORTHAND-Typist, aged 22, with Certificate in Social Science (London School of Economics) and experience as assistant in well-known bookshop, seeks employment in a publishing house. Box 10903.

EDUCATED lady (32), varied clerical & secretarial exp. in Govt. serv. UK and abroad, shs, temp. employment approx. 6 mths. A liking for the unusual; cntry. pref. Anything considered & siggs welc. Box 10893.

NEWSWOMAN, American, 37, arriving mid-Oct., would like to live and work in England. Exp. news/feature reporting, sevrl yrs ed./pub. own monthly; often imaginative writer; desires city or cntry post. Box 11010.

FOOD AND DRINK

ROYAL Jelly, so much in the news, is the fabulous milk of the Queen Bee. Recommended as a first-class Energy Food when packed in Clover Honey. A 21-day course costs 42s. from Nectarene Royal Jelly Products, The Honey Farm, Aberayron 4, Cards.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

NW3 Large b/sit. in quiet flat, own 'phone, young lady only. 2½ gns. Box 10985.

N6. Comf. furn. bed-sitting room. C/kg fac. Pleasant outlook. 45s. MOU. 5605.

CIVILISED man offers accommodation. Bed, breakfast, hot drink & biscuits at night. Every consideration, condition reciprocity. No prejudices. £3, £2 15s. self help. Liverpool St 20 minutes. Box 10852.

WILL suit yng person. Room, use facs in house. Cheap incl. rent. WIL. 3702.

BLACKHEATH. Large furn. double bed-sit., sink, cooker. Few mins shops, transport. £3. No objection coloured. Box 10808.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club. 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd. East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

HAMPSTEAD Heath. 2-room flatlet, i.e., bed-sit. and kitchen-dinette. SWI. 3043.

NW3 nr Tube. Furn. flat 2 r., k., b. 7 gns wk. mthly adv. Sleep 3-4. PRI. 3560.

ATTRACT. furn. large bed-sitter, elegant hse, NW2. All facs. GLA. 9083 after 6.

HAMPSTEAD, 2 adjoin. furn. rooms with telephones, many books, facing south gardens, balcony, kitch., bath, crockery, linen. Near tubes, buses, shops. 7 gns. PRI. 1363.

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HAMPSTEAD. Large furnished bed/sitter for gentleman, 2½ gns. GUL. 4798.

THREE large furnished bed-sitting rooms, in one flat, kitchen, bathrm, all amenities. W3 dist. 2½ gns each. Box 11006.

GOLDERS Green, select Guest House, single & double rooms, h. & c., long or short periods. Breakfast, full service. 1 minute from Golders Green station. SPE. 4217.

LARGE, well-furnished room, own kitchen, bathroom, linen, service, etc. Central. Suit married couple. 4½ gns. MAC. 1755.

NEWLY decorated ground-floor dble bed-sitting room, comf. furnished, use of bathroom and kit. in private flat. PAD. 8140.

BED-sit. room, every conven. £2 p.w. 10 Firs Ave., Muswell Hill, N10.

PROFESSIONAL or student to share s/c flat, Holland Park. Ring WES. 0870.

ATTRACT. bed/sit. Modern private house. Breakfast, service. £4. PRI. 9746.

TWO young Jewish accountants require co-religionist, share spacious flat NW6. TV, frig., 3 gns week. WIL. 1841.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

CAIRNGORM Mtns. 3 apt comf. caravan sleeps 5. Exclusive site by river. £6 week. Also farmhouse £4 week. 12 hours Euston. Loudon, Kincraig, Inverness-shire.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG lady seeks good s/c. accommodation in exchange £3 rent weekly & part-time help – housework/window washing/dog walking/plain mending, etc. WC1, NW1 or W1 pref. Suggestions welcomed. Box 10925.

PART-or unfurn. room required by quiet lady, NW3 or NW8. Box 10380.

CHEAP single and double rooms with cooking facilities required for students. Please write, stating terms, to Miss Blaber, Royal College of Art. SW7.

YNG cple, Dutch nat., req. unf. flat Hampstead area. Please write Box 10870.

YOUNG male undergraduate requires quiet bed-sitter in Chelsea. Box 11009.

COMIC Artist, wife, daughter, seek furnished rustic home. Detached. Rent, long let. Box 10625.

ADULT Student, wife and baby, need flat for one year. Carr, 22 Beech Crescent, Mexborough, Yorkshire.

PROPERTY TO LET

COTTAGE. Comfortable, simple yet adequate, in charming village. Salcombe Estuary. Modern conveniences. 1 November-Easter, 2½ gns. weekly. Box 10954.

PROPERTY WANTED

REQUIRED to rent, unfurnished, tiny cottage for one lady. In country. Box 10838.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

WING of Hampstead Heath House. Magnificent rec., 1 bed., new kit., new bath'm, garden. £3,750. Dent, 18, Rosecroft Ave, NW3. HAM. 7797.

BUSINESS FOR SALE

COFFEE Farm, 810 acres, in Southern Highlands of Tanganyika, 25 miles from Rhodesian border. 50 acres young bearing Coffee. Good permanent water. Attractive dwelling house. £7,000 or offer. Box 785, c/o Dawson's, 129 Cannon St, London, EC4.

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JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd, WC2. TEM. 5588.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS—continued

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinac Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd, EC1 CLE. 9637 (3 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

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JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating, Bills/Quantity, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817.

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TRANSLATION from French, German, Dutch, Italian, Latin. Trollope, Bishampton, Worcs. Tel: 260.

GERMAN translations, literary, commercial, technical, legal. Dr Fry, 2 Victoria Gardens, London, W11. PARK 5047.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

AUTUMN AND WINTER SUNSHINE

Follow the sun with one of our September or October parties to the Italian or French Riviera, the Balearic Islands, South of Spain and Tangier, Lake Garda and Venice, or enjoy a late Autumn holiday on the Channel Islands, the Isle of Wight or at Stratford-on-Avon.

Our NORWEGIAN WINTER SPORTS programme, leaflets for private organisers offering Free Winter Sports holiday, and advance information on Winter Sunshine and other Winter Sports arrangements, are available now.

ERNA LOW, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd, London, SW7. KEN. 8881-4.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage available to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian National Travels Ltd 25 Bloomsbury Way, Lon., WC1. HOL. 1193.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet. 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS) 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

CRISIS in the Aircraft industry. What went wrong? What shall we do? ASSET publishes next week an analysis and programme for discussion in the Labour Movement 'Air Policy 1960: Britains Needs and Aims in the Airframe and Aero-Engine Companies' by National Officer Clive Jenkins. Foreword and commentary by Harry G. Knight, General Secretary. 7,000 words price 1s. post free from Association of Supervisory Staffs Executives & Technicians, 2-4 Momerton High Street, London, E9. (Special quotes for bulk orders.)

'BRITISH Economy & Working Class. 1946-58. 2nd. edn revd. 2s 6d. plus 5d post. Workers League, 16 Reform St, SW11.

CONTENTS of July-August-September Plebs: 'The Centenary of Sidney Webb' by Margaret Cole; 'Money for Jam', by D. W. McLaine; 'Western Germany — A Monument to Hard Work', by J. P. M. Millar; 'A Scarborough Again', by Plebs; 'The NCLC': Rationalisation Proposals'; 'The Citizens Watchdog – The Ombudsman', by G. A. White; Earl Browder on Marx and America' 'New Books'; 'Plebs Forum'; 'News of the Movement'; Plebs is 6d.; by post 8d.; or 7s. 6d. a year, from the NCLC, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

'SOCIALISM & World Poverty.' Just out A new ISSS pamphlet by John Papworth 2s. 8d. post free from Secretary, 22 Nevern Road, SW5.

'SOCIALISM, Centralist or Libertarian?' – an important new full-length essay by the late G. D. H. Cole. Other features include an exchange of Arab/Israel relations, 1955 'Information' 2s. 2d. post free, 22 Nevern Road, SW5.

DILLON'S University Bookshop, 1 Malet St, London, WC1 (now incorporating Bumpus foreign Dept.), have an excellent stock of books from the Continent. Orders for these, and for USA and English books welcome, and quickly supplied.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner (Books), Phone AMBassador 1564.

SPANISH Civil War, Russia, Socialism; we buy books, pamps, journals; any lang. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

PERSONAL attention given overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford Trading, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, Lond., WC2.

LOW-priced French Books. Complete list of the famous 'Livre de Poche' series free on request, Hachette, 127 Regent Street, London, W1.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street, CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI 3030.

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Two cycles of
Der Ring des Nibelungen

18, 23, 28 Sept., 2 Oct. and
5, 6, 8 & 10 Oct.

A limited number of seats still available for first cycle.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu.-Fri. 8, St. & Sn. 5 & 8. 'Quartet for Five'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls 3-yr Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 8th week. 12th Ed. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems' ticket.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. Com. 17 Sept. Sean O'Casey's 'Cock-A-Doodle Dandy'.

STUDIO Theatre. 'Offshore Island', 14-19 September, 7.30 nightly. 12 Balham Park Road, near Balham Station.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Take it as Red'. Last 3 perfs. Fri., Sat., Sun., 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

HENRY WOOD
PROMENADE CONCERTS

Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30
Tickets: at Hall (KEN. 8212). 2,000 Promenade, 3s. available nightly at doors (Except last night, 19 Sept.)

Princes Theatre, WC2
Sun. 4 Oct., 7.30 p.m.

GALA CONCERT
6 CHINESE ARTISTES
PAUL ROBESON MILES MALLESON

Tickets 15s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d; 12s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s. TEM. 6596

ROYAL Festival Hall, Fri. 18 Sept. at 8. Symphony No. 5 – Schubert. Symphony No 1 – Brahms, cond. by Edouard Van Remoortel: Nocturne – Britten, cond. by composer. Peter Pears. London Symphony Orchestra. Tkts 5s. to 21s. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

ST Pancras Town Hall (opposite St Pancras Station). St Pancras Public Libraries Committee presents Songs and Dances of Czechoslovakia by The South Bohemian Song and Dance Ensemble. Thurs., 17 Sept., at 7.30. Tickets: 5s. & 3s. 6d. from St Pancras Town Hall (TER. 7070).

GUITAR Society Recital, Caxton Hall, Victoria St, SW1. Mon. 14 Sept., 8 p.m. 3s 6d. at door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

BRITISH-ASIAN AND OVERSEAS SOCIALIST FELLOWSHIP
GRAND AUTUMN DANCE
Porchester Hall, Queensway, London, W2
Primrose Bledman and his West Indian Band
MC: Dr David Pitt
Hosts: Fenner Brockway, MP, Donald Chesworth, LCC.
Saturday, 19 September, 7-11.45 p.m.
Tickets 6s. double, 3s. 6d. single.
Secretary, BAOSF, Transport House, Smith Square, SW1.

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns.) Art Films Prog. in colour Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Utrillo.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Summer Revivals. Until 13 Sept. Dhery's Femmes De Paris ((A) London). The Little Island (A). From 14 Sept.: La Vie Commence Demain (X), A Short Vision (X), Thursday's Children (U).

WATFORD. Film Show, Friday, 18 Sept., 8 p.m. The World is Rich (famous documentary). Japanese Fishermen, Swaffham Demonstration, Like Paradise, and Aldermaston 1959 (Eric Walker film). Admission free, collection, coffee. TUC Hall, Woodford Road, very near Watford Junction Station (train leaves Euston 7.7). – All welcome. Watford Branch Progressive League for Nuclear Disarmament Week 13-20 Sept.

ROXY, BAY. 2345. W/c 13 Sept. John Mills, 'Ice Cold in Alex', (A). Peter Sellers, 'Insomnia is Good For You', (U).

ND Garden Party, Today, 12 Sept, at 2.30. 89 Thurleigh Rd, SW12. All welc.

EXHIBITIONS

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions: 'William Gilpin and the Picturesque' and '18th Century Portrait Busts'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. Refreshments available. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations. (987)

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED recently published reproductions of paintings by Gerard David, Velasquez, Boudin, Sisley, & Marquet, from 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1, & all good printshops.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Ettore Colla, Iron Sculpture. Until 19 Sept. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s., members free.

FREE Painters' Group 7th Annual Exhibition from 5 October at Woodstock Gallery & Walker's Galleries, New Bond St. Oils, Graphic, Sculpture. Details & forms from Mrs. M. Brooks, Woodstock Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1, enclosing s.a.e.

PARIS Gallery, 1 Albany Tce, NW1 (Marylebone Rd/Park Sq. East). WEL. 7360. 10-6, 10-1. Post-War English Sculpture.

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. (Watercolours, Drawings and Prints.) Till 27 September. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art, Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, W1. 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Monday to Saturday, until 30 September. Admission 1s., children 6d. Organised by the Sunday Pictorial.

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. An Arts Council exhibition, Tate Gallery (Painting & Sculpture). Till 27 Sept. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1. (GER. 3729.) Hussein Shariffe: paintings.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints, 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660. Prints For The Bedroom. 1-26 September. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery: Summer Exhibition – Impressionist and Modern Paintings. 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1.

MARLBOROUGH. 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. 19th and 20th Century European Masters – Bonnard, Cezanne, Dufy, Gauguin, Gris, Klee, Matisse, Picasso, Soutine, etc. Daily 10-5, Saturdays 10-12.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Larry Bigelow Exhibn. 10-6 Sats. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Part II Artists of Fame and Promise, 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until 19 Sept.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St, W1. Pottery by M. Cardew & Pupils, opening 16 Sept. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

NUDES of Jean Straker — Photography 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Paintings by H. Jochems, Terry Marner, Peter Lee's. 16 September-3 October. Daily 10-6.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Henghes – Sculpture. Opens Thurs. 17 Sept. To 17 October, 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Period costumes. The Londonderry Ambassadorial Silver. Open 10 to 8 daily, including Sundays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. David Donnison, 'The Social Services', Wed. 16 Sept., 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d.

SOCIALISTS and World Poverty one-day conference. Speakers, Vladimir Dedijer, Santosh Mukherjee & John Papworth. Chairman: James Cameron (News Chronicle). Sun., 20 Sept., 2 Soho Sq., W1. Fee £1 (incld membership). Parties International Society for Socialist Studies, 22 Nevern Rd, SW5.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1, 19 Sept. at 6 p.m. Mr. C. Ascher: Humour in the Courts, by barrister-at-law.

ARE they Wonderful? An enquiry into the relationship between the public and the police. New Jewish Society, Wed. 16 September at 8 p.m. Simon Marks Room, Bedford House, 108 Baker Street, W1.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. New season's public lectures begin Wed. 16 Sept., 6.30 sharp: 'Buddhism', Christmas Humphreys. Also Beginners' Class, Tue. 15 Sept., 6.30, and Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea), 19 Sept., 3 p.m. – both open free to all. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information TAT. 1313.

WATFORD, Film Show, Friday, 18 Sept., 8 p.m. The World is Rich (famous documentary), Japanese Fishermen, Swaffham Demonstration, Like Paradise, and Aldermaston 1959 (Eric Walker film). Admission free, collection, coffee. TUC Hall, Woodford Road, very near Watford Junction Station (train leaves Euston 7.7). All welcome. Watford Branch Progressive League for Nuclear Disarmament Week 13-20 Sept.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun. 13 Sept. 32 Tavistock Sq. Euston. Antony Bates, 'The Artist & the Machine Age'.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

EMERGENCY Cameroons Mtg eve of UN Debate Wed. 16 Sept. Caxton Hall, 7.30. Spkr Bob Edwards MP (recently retnd).

YOU are a VIP! – you finance the government. But how much do you know about Inflation, Currency, Imports, Taxation, Wages, Profits, Subsidies, etc.? 10-week courses in Basic Economics & Social Philosophy begin on Tuesdays & Thursdays, 22 and 24 Sept., at 7 p.m. in Victoria. (Total charge 5s. includes textbook.) Write for prospectus to Henry George School of Social Science, 177 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1, or VIC. 4266 – or enrol on opening night.

BECOME your own Economist! Classes as outlined above, also in the following areas – New Eltham, Welling, Beckenham, Muswell Hill, Godalming, Walthamstow, Romford, Enfield, Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, Cardiff, Birmingham, Liverpool, Dundee, Glasgow. Write or telephone for particulars.

CND Kensington Town Hall, Wednesday 16 September, 7.30 p.m. Michael Foot, Stephen King-Hall, Arnold Wesker, Stephen Swingler, A. E. Roberts, AEU.

HUMANIST Grp., 11 Pk. Hill, Carshalton: 7.30, 19 Sept.: Helen Judd – 'Ghana'.

SHAW Society. A reading of Shaw's Farfetched Fables by Ellen Pollock & RADA studs, Nat. Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1. 18 Sept., 7 p.m.; non-mems 2s. 6d.

ISLINGTON Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. Public Meeting Islington Town Hall, Fri., 18 Sept., 8 p.m. John Horner, Martin Dakin and others.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 11 Sept., 8 p.m. L. A. Fenn: 'Tragedy of Technology and Liberty'. Thurs. 17 Sept. 8 p.m. Prof. A. Swan: 'Old Chants and Folk Songs'. (Recorded illus.).

AILEEN Brandt – 'The Good Woman'. Leighton House, Kensington, Thurs., 17 Sept., 8 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Swami Ghanananda. Thurs. 17 Sept. 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn. 'Can we Mortals become Immortal?' Vedanta mag. 2s. 6d.

'REINCARNATION Defined.' Public Lec., Sun., 13 Sept., 8 p.m. Free lit. s.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2 (PAD. 0688).

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL
St Marylebone Literary Institute
St Marylebone Grammar School,
248 Marylebone Road, NW1
SESSION 1959-1960
Classes commence
MONDAY, 28 SEPTEMBER
(Enrolment from 21 September)
University and LCC courses in the Arts and Art Appreciation, Biblical Studies, Problems of Childhood, Drama (practical), and Speech, History, Languages and Literature (including Arabic, Russian, Cornish, Irish and Welsh), Music and Musical Appreciation, Astronomy, Geology, Homœopathy, Palæography, Philosophy, Psychology, Social Studies, Ballet and Fencing.
Prospectus and further particulars from
THE PRINCIPAL
(PADdington 0450 after 6 p.m.) (1730)

MONTESSORI INTERNATIONAL
DIPLOMA COURSES IN CHILD DEVELOPMENT AND EDUCATION

London – Evenings 0-6 years. October, 1959 – July, 1960.
London – Evenings 6-12 years. October, 1959 – July, 1960.
Edinburgh – Weekends. October, 1959 – April, 1960.
Manchester – Weekends. October, 1959 – April, 1960.
These are the Official Courses of the ASSOCIATION MONTESSORI INTERNATIONALE.
Details from: The Maria Montessori Training Organisation, 1 Park Crescent, London, W1. Tel: MUSeum 7425.

THE CITY LITERARY INSTITUTE
offers classes in English and Foreign Languages and Literature, History, Philosophy, Art, Music, Drama and Speech.
Enrolments now open. Prospectus from The Principal, Stukeley Street, WC2. (Tel. CHA. 8558.) (1729)

POTTERY Evening Classes starting Thursday 24 Sept. 'Phone SWI. 2900.

RUSSIAN lessons by exp. lady teacher. 10s. 6d. p.l.: sml group/indiv. FUL. 3297.

LECTURES, COURSES, ETC.—continued

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Crowndale Road, NW1
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ENROLMENT STARTS ON
21 SEPTEMBER, 6-9 p.m.
SPECIAL COURSES FOR GCE
(one-term; one-year and two-year courses)
Write, call or telephone for Prospectus).

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'CHINESE Sculpture, Paintings & Ceramics.' Ten lectures by Miss Margaret Medley, BA, at Leighton House, 12 Holland Park Road, W14, Mondays at 8 p.m., beginning 28 September, 1959. Fee 15s. For enrolment forms apply Leighton House.

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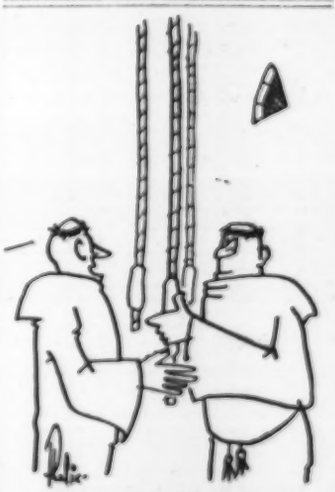
LECTURE COURSES, etc. —cont. on page 333



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